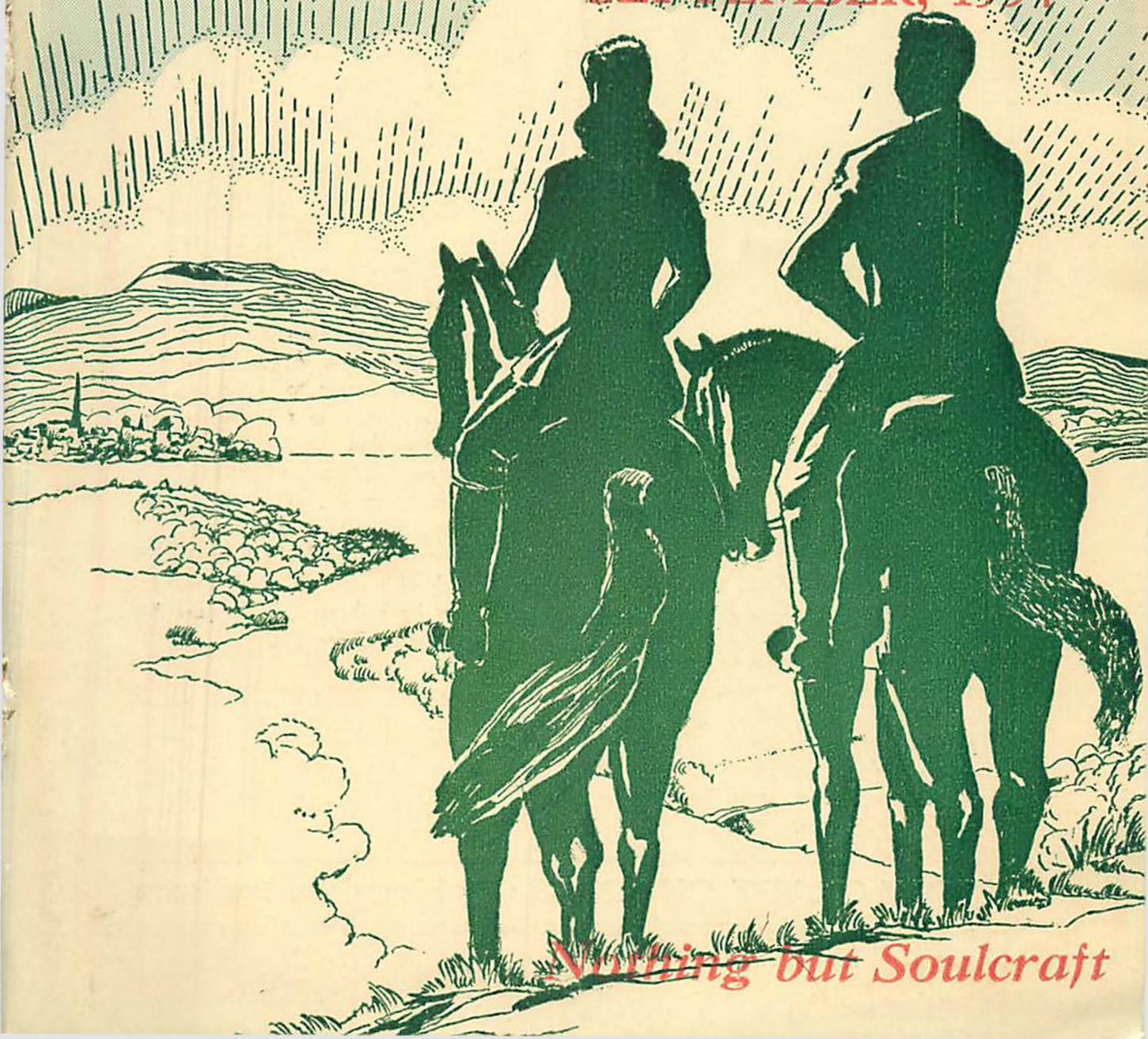


Bright
HORIZONS

SEPTEMBER, 1954



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police dog . . ."*

wrote WILLIAM DUDLEY PELLEY
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Perhaps you recall the furore this
article caused when printed in the
March *American Magazine* back in
1929. Its author had gone to sleep
of a May night in a California bun-
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quitting his body and gaining to a
plane where he encountered scores
of "dead" acquaintances face to face!
Returning to his body, he stayed in
touch with sages on the Higher Oc-
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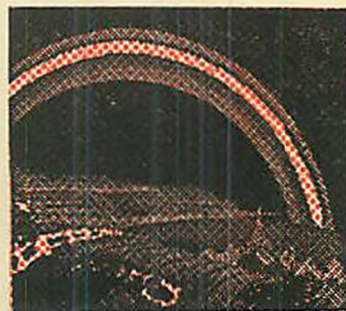
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Noblesville, Indiana

BRIGHT HORIZONS

*A Monthly Magazine of Instruction and Inspiration
from Sources Behind or Above the Mortal*



BRIGHT HORIZONS calls public attention to new mystical concepts based on Psychical Discoveries of Higher Life Phenomena beginning to gleam with increasing splendor in the prospects of man's spiritual vision as the Aquarian Age comes in. It acclaimes the recovery of the original Christian Message, with the Ecclesiastic Influence expurgated and discarded . . .

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BRIGHT HORIZONS, issued 10th of each month by Soulcraft Chapels, P. O. Box 192, Noblesville, Indiana. W. D. Pelley, Editor; A. M. Henderson, Business Manager. Subscription: \$5 per year of twelve numbers; \$3 for Six Months; 50¢ single copies. Not connected with any Denomination, Creed, Cult, or Political Ism. Copyright 1953 by Soulcraft Chapels. Quotations permitted when credit is given. Address all communications to Soulcraft Chapels, Noblesville, Ind.

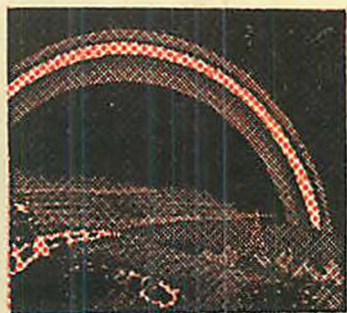


—after Gustave Doré

CHRIST WALKS ON THE SEA OF GALILEE

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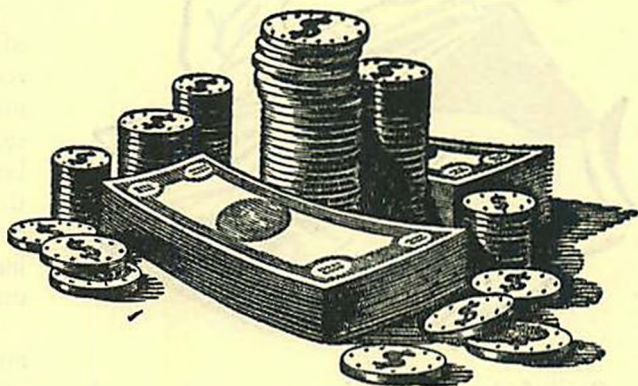
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HIGHER Psychical Counsel on Money . .



¶ *Bona Fide Advice on
Financial Affairs from
Higher Octaves Should
Read Like this . .*

THE AVERAGE person is subconsciously convinced that if he or she could only be psychic, he could use such gift to make a million dollars. Undoubtedly he envisions playing the stock-market clairvoyantly. Knowing to a certainty what the Market would do before it did it, he would buy against positive rises and that would be that. If he actually were psychical, however, he might get into the hands of some malicious kibitzer who would steer him incorrectly in all the wrong moves and break

him financially as swiftly. Everything might depend on how much he knew about the subject of hyperdimensional communication, and whom to trust and whom not.

Bona fide counsel, however, from Great Wits in loftier spheres of consciousness on financial operations, assumes a different aspect than is commonly supposed. Always remember,

in regard to them, that they forever deal in *principles*. What the true counsellor strives to do is to strengthen the judgment of his mortal instrument so that overall guardianship runs as unobtrusively as possible. All true mentors, in other words, are graciously content to work themselves out of jobs insofar as their mortal colleagues are concerned. The real guardian's concern is to so enlighten and equip the layman that he can proceed upon his own judgment and require no higher help.



One of the hardest things to get imparted to the layman however, is the fact that no true mentor will give practical advice. Only Familiar Spirits do that. And Familiar Spirits, as described elsewhere, are spirits who find a morbid delight in "bossing" and "controlling" human colleagues from the discarnate, totally unmindful of the fact that if their judgment prove faulty, the karma incurred is quite as much their own to work out as it may be their victim's.

One of the tests of a real mentor, in fact, is whether or not he possesses a keen knowledge of karma, how it operates, and how it retaliates.

With these brief statements for background, suppose we consider a legitimate message to a colleague on the earth-plane as imparted from someone of quality who has a given mortal soul in charge. Filled as it is with sound ad-

vice for all, nevertheless it did have a marked bearing on specific adjuration to the individual for whom it was intended. . . Here is the communication—

"**WE** HAVE much to tell you tonight"—the Mentor declared—"about yourselves and your worldly problems, comprising investigations of your own characters. What ever is wrong about you is not fundamental or spiritually organic but is a matter of temperamental adjustment, purely and simply, to the problem of worldly resource for the carrying on of your affairs.

"All temperamental adjustments are matters of perspicacity. That is to say, you are often confronted by dilemmas that are not dilemmas at all, excepting as you may consider them so. Of course your financial predicaments are bitter at times but that is neither here nor there. It is most essential that certain matters be cleared up in your thinking, having a bearing on the futures of your group. Let us be utterly frank with one another . . .

"Do not forget in all this trans-plane communication that true mentors and counsellors are constantly under the necessity of telling you painful facts about yourselves that may not set well. Consequently, the mentor must show himself the true friend or relinquish the responsibility of correctly looking after you. However, speaking of money, suppose we start in ourselves in this fashion—

"*Riches are an abnormal valuation*, remember that, . . . although it does not make them any less vital to earthly discomfiture or facility of adequate personal expression of *our* true mentalities. Consequently when you have riches prodigiously, they are an asset only as you think them so. We believe that we have been earthly enough in our own times, and followed this group around closely enough, to know what we are talking about when we say that we are by no means disembodied spirits, feeding on ambrosia, and forgetting our own bygone economic predicaments. That is not

fair to us. Conditions are never such that we fail to see your necessities for pecuniary substance.

"You have in your lives a condition where dollars are as necessary to your welfare and self-expression as food is to organic or water to psychic development. This condition is two-fold . . .

"Dollars are necessary to physical welfare in any advanced state of social development. They are also requisite to bring about a condition where you may truly be yourselves. *No man or woman is truly himself or herself when thwarted financially.* It is time that all of you knew some simple fundamentals that affect you radically.

"**H**UMAN life is complex, it is highly organized in your earth-world of the present, and the higher the degree of organization, the greater the need of the individual and the amount of the wherewithal to maintain his place to his own satisfaction and self-respect. Now we are going to be critical before launching into discussion of the true remedies that will more readily lift many of you to affluence.

"You are existing, actually, in the highest organized state of society *that has ever maintained on this planet.* Remember we have told you this, and by no means do we except the much-vaunted civilization of earlier Atlantis.

"This may seem strange to you, but it true nonetheless. Human beings today are more complex in their attainments than in any other cycle with which we have ever had anything to do. This means what?

"It means that each of you is called upon to deliver *more* of yourself in order to maintain yourself and keep abreast of the social procession, than you have ever had to do in any of the earlier lives you have lived, no matter what the period.

"Human life has never been so complex because the factors of complexity have never pre-

viously been present to the same degree. No past state of society ever approximated the one that now runs its course in your earth-world. You are confronting a state of society in fact, that is going to be even *more* complex, because compounded of greater and faster-moving improvement factors.

"This means that you are all making more demands upon yourselves than subconsciously at the present time you consider necessary. You are employing old methods well recollected, in estimating what you should do to get a given compensation, and you are surprised, disillusioned, and grieved that you do not succeed in getting your former positive results. We know this to be true because from where we sit we can view what your former degrees of activity have been, for most of you. It is essential that you should realize some of them before continuing any exposition of the ways to attain what you would obtain and which is normal and right for you *to* attain.

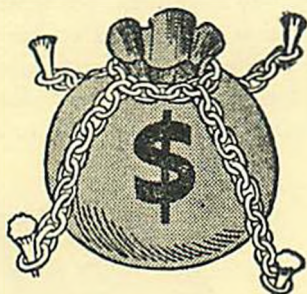


"**W**HEN YOU come to a place in life that calls for mental or spiritual effort, you consult your subconscious for the degree of effort to be expended. Your subconscious is, of course, the storehouse of memories essentially giving you what you have experienced in terms of Cause and Effect. You do not fight it. You accept it and probe it. But when you come to a complex state of affairs, especially one involving a financial transaction, you are rarely willing to do such probing.

Actually, you want to enact the role of magician and take golden rabbits out of a hat. If you cannot do this, you are dissatisfied with life in general.

"However, let us tell you this: Actually there *never* is such a thing as a truly *bad* situation. And this applies most emphatically to what is known as a financial situation.

"A financially bad situation is a situation where the factors involved are out of harmony—when you deem it bad—that is all. Remember that, if you remember nothing else. Harmonized factors mean the perfect enhancement of your proposition, no matter what it is. If this sounds like a platitude, you will find it quite otherwise before we have finished the week's dissertations.



"The average poor man is resentful because he is not wise enough to harmonize the factors of life on one hand, so to speak, and take a financial rabbit out of a hat on the other. We have no fault to find with this if all he wishes to become is a magician. But we do not think he wants to do exactly that. His own common sense tells him that such is only a form of petulancy. Petulancy is all right when the factors involved warrant it, but petulancy is all wrong in a financial setup because it means disharmony of the gravest order.

"Most of you have dormant within you not so much Opportunity but the presentiment of how to do what you propose in the way of permanent financial enhancement. You know in your own subconscious minds the amount of effort you have expended hitherto to achieve

this in an earlier or more leisurely form of society. *Now* you are confronted by a highly complex form of society, that bedevils and confuses you because you do not know how much *more* effort is required to approximate the same status of wealth that has accrued to you in earlier dispensations.

"Fear of a sort is at the bottom of most of the ill nature about the subject. You are childish in this, and we are going to tell you how to stop it by taking fresh grips upon yourselves and performing in this generation with the same beautiful facility many of you have exhibited in other generations . . .

"**M**ONEY is a commodity that is the essence of happiness. To acquire it, then, must mean to love it for one of two things: itself as a commodity, or the end it achieves for you.

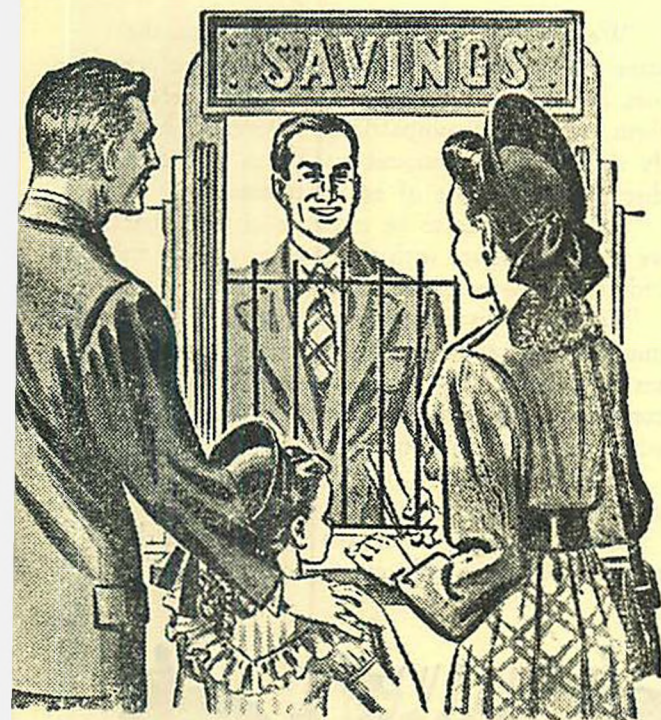
"*You cannot despise money and acquire it at the same time*, any more than you can despise Love and beautify your lives without it.

"Money will not come to you if it is in unsympathetic company, so to speak. It will come to you richly if you invite it by harmonious alignment of your spirit-side with it.

"That is why so many cheap and tawdry characters acquire so much of it. They make it a shibboleth, you say, or the gathering of it instinctive. It is nothing of the sort. They are spiritually *harmonious* toward it, and like all other laws of the universe, it gravitates toward them by means that are inexplicable until the true secret is recognized.

"That is to say, Money Vibrations are no less potent than any other types of vibrations. Not that the coins themselves flee to the pockets of those whose spirits operate at the gold velocity, for that is absurd. But there are instances on record of like seeking like, where the fellowship of money is actuated by the same intermutual harmony as on any other plane. Now what we are telling you specifically is this—

"Try to take a common sense view of your



present worldly advantages. Be constructive in your attitude toward the wealth you want, not by school girl wishings or postulating vast financial deals, then being piqued that they do not materialize, but by taking this view: Money is sympathetic as a cosmic idea to a sympathetic fellowship. It will come to those who make themselves known to it, not considering it a 'filthy lucre', despising it as something to be cast aside in a moment of attainment or using it as a base friend uses his associates—so long as they will let him—to his own advantages. You are, many of you, consistently shortsighted in this, that you hate to think of yourselves as 'poor'.

"That hatred crystallizes almost as a thought-form which operates negatively, and is shouldered out, as it were, from any association prolific with companionship. For you are by no means poor. You are intelligent, reasoning people of high attainments. You have ev-

ery faculty which postulates the proper use of wealth. But you cannot make progress in opportunity without radically altering your thinking. We would almost say that your very complex on Money, bars the pathway you are striving to tread.

"Be consistent. Think of having money in order to entertain it as a permanent guest in your household. Make yourselves receptacles for the opportunities it presents. Few of you have been wise in this—that you have left the door open to Money in such a manner that it simply *had* to come in to you, instead of you going to Money in a feeble way, or groveling before it. You have done your work and recompense has accrued to you, but you have let it stop there. Increasing the situation with the same factors present would have made scores of you wealthy long since.

"This does not mean performing such prodigious labors that the recompense is correspondingly prodigious. But it does mean making yourselves so vital in your life-orbits that you are as much a factor to Money as Money is a factor to you.

"This is the secret of the Captains of Industry, so-called. They were sympathetic toward Money to begin with, then they prescribed certain situations wherein they were indispensable to the ingredients of the ultimate successful outcome. Thus did they bring upon themselves the ultimately successful outcome, speaking financially.

"**WE** WOULD not have you think by this that it is necessary for you all to become captains of industry—quite the contrary. But all of you have had innumerable opportunities to make yourselves vital factors—truly vital factors—in situations where Money needed you more than you needed Money. If this were not true in general—that is, Money needing human agency more than the reverse—we should know no such thing as wealth in any form.

"Now our fraternal prescription is just this—

"Neither rant nor rave. Think no longer of yourselves as being poor. Calmly and dispassionately review such situations as you are conversant with, wherein you can do more for Money than it can do for you. Let the whole proposal be accompanied by a warm, sympathetic, and friendly attitude, not artificially forced or strategically compounded, but conversant with your own ideals and spiritual essences. Look upon propinquity with it as a mutually profitable cohabitation of permanent endurance and beatific companionship."

"The illiterate express it that this is 'thinking in terms of wealth'. It is not exactly that. It is making Wealth an acceptable friend whose presence or character is such that it does not occur to you to question it, because your friendship to it is equally valuable."

"We are all brothers and sisters with the same end in view: walking excellently before men and women, that we may glorify before them our mutual compatriotism. Poverty, shoddy distress over economic problems, are truly disgraceful to those of real attainments."

"Patience ceases to be a virtue in this: that we must be stricter with the woes of poverty in order to know our spiritual essence."

"Be your own masters henceforth, stepping out sure and calm and free, not by any processes of so-called 'well-being thoughts' but on the contrary being intensely practical outwardly, while serenely confident inwardly."

"Adopt, in short, a new concept and ideology toward Money."

"But we have by no means finished with the subject. We have only commenced it . . ."



What Neophyte Means in Mysticism



GET the word Neophyte from the Greek word neophytus, meaning "to plant". Generally speaking, it means a new convert, just as at one time it meant a newly baptized Christian. To be a neophyte in Mystical matters means to be one who has a strong sympathy toward things of the spirit but totally lacking in wisdom or experience as to how unfoldment is encouraged. To be a neophyte in Soulcraft means a period of probation while the pupil is gaining to a full understanding of the tremendous sweep and significance of the doctrine, grasping how aptly it explains away every enigma in worldly life and human relationships. The best book to read, putting one in possession of how Soulcraft came to be evolved, is "Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive"—now going into its third big printing. You get the fascinating story of all the experiences the progenitor of Soulcraft underwent, making him finally an adept in esoteric matters, that you too might encounter in your own psychical development. Knowing what happened to him, you know what he conquered. Don't miss the new edition!



CAN You Deliberately Elevate Your Quality of Intelligence?

WHEN we refer to the quality of a person's intelligence, what is it that we have in mind specifically?

We are not required to be psychologists or scientists to recognize that some men are "brighter" than others, that some have the "brains" to fill positions of responsibility that others do not, and that human life is one grand exhibit of keener wits running out over those known as stupid.

Neither do we need a school book to tell us that human society is what we find it because all classes and gradations of intelligence are cast into one vast hodge-podge, to make what shift of such predicament they will.

What we are interested in examining are the "brains" of Mr. Average Man, and what may be done by him deliberately to make himself more intelligent than the moment may find

Information and Enlightenment for Those Who May Be Tardy in Their Reflexes . .

him. To do that satisfactorily, we must discern what intelligence is of itself.

If we want to break the word down into component parts, we perceive readily enough that being intelligent is the state of in-telling, or the capacity to render discernible objective facts, subjective.

It is the state, or capacity, of "telling to one's self," to a degree that such receiving of knowledge is as instinctive as it is adroit. Yet strictly speaking, it is more—

INTELLIGENCE is truly the quality of being able to judge values, compare one value with another value, and use that which is of greatest worth at the moment to the proposal in hand!

Contrary to general acceptance, Intelligence is not academic knowledge, neither is it altogether the mere ability to perceive.

A man's head may be stuffed with all sorts of book-lore, yet he may not be recognized as an intelligent man. He can be labeled "an educated fool," and the description will not be unduly harsh.

A savage can stand on a mountain-peak and view a spread of terrain, seeing details which the metropolitan person misses entirely. Yet the savage may not be able to count up to twenty, while the metropolitan person may be able to run an industry employing a thousand men.

We cannot say either that Intelligence is coordination of the faculties, either mental or physical—since the North American Indian may be able to do that to superlative degree yet never make a gesture to rise above his barbarism.



TO BE intelligent is to have that quality of consciousness wherein the incorrect discernment of values is utilized by the imagina-

tion to produce the best possible results or product under all prevalent conditions.

A man, let's say, is put on the job of running some sort of machine—maybe nothing of more consequence than an automobile on the public highways. He is told not to run it through traffic at more than twenty miles per hour. He has an animalistic love of physical motion, and a crowded intersection means nothing to him in the way of imagined mishaps. He thinks the city fathers have put up the speed sign in pique—because they harbor a constitutional resentment against his love of motion. So he comes zooming into an intersection at fifty-five miles per hour, starts to argue with himself as to whether or not he should go around it, or ram it and teach the truck a lesson for obstructing him. He decides on the latter and keeps straight forward. There is a crash that sounds like the shredded wheat factory going over Niagara Falls, the neighborhood is treated to a spectacle that resembles a bomb dropped into a plateglass works, the dumbbell decides to try flag-pole sitting, and the dumbbell's rear bumper is suddenly doing service for his radiator—the radiator having been folded up into something which in the hands of an Italian troubadour should give sweet music, but doesn't. Forty-seven ambulance sirens all start whining at once, two thousand office windows are filled with human heads, and the driver of the truck says to his helper: "I think we'd oughta stop, Mike. Sumpin' musta happened against our behind!"

COMMONLY we say that such a motorcar driver is possessed of no intelligence. First, he has no ability to analyze values and "intell" himself what can easily result if he drives at fifty-miles through an intersection and a truck takes a notion to obstruct him.

The truly intelligent man discerns without any caustic remarks from a traffic cop that speeds for motorcars in given districts are arrived at by scientifically measuring the length

of time that it takes a vehicle to halt in the space available for the stopping to transpire.

An auto at rest measures fourteen to sixteen feet from front to rear bumper. But the moment its power is applied, its length increases. It may travel at five miles per hour or seventy-five, and its width will remain constant. But the faster it moves forward, the more elongated it becomes. A car moving fifty miles per hour requires fifty feet to come to a standstill—with reasonably good brakes. So at fifty miles an hour, a moving auto is actually fifty feet in length—and there is only a given amount of planetary space required to decrease their length, so that the maximum number may be accommodated.

As for calling a driver intelligent who tries to chastise a truck with a crate that is but a moving tin roof at the most, we might as well close the dictionary and rely solely on the views of the intersection traffic cop, or better still, the driver of the truck, when either surveys what a mess Stupidity has wrought.

Such a driver hasn't even analyzed the weights of the respective vehicles, or imagined what happens when a very stoppable flivver meets a very immovable truck.

After spending six weeks in the hospital, losing his driver's license, paying for the hydrant that exploded in the scrimmage, and buying a new car so as to put his experience to account, the "stupid" driver may show himself as slightly more "intelligent" when he drives out afresh and approaches corners where trucks may materialize.

THERE are but two ways to raise the quality of the consciousness—or in other words, heighten the degree of the "telling within." One is to close the eyes and ears and let Experience be the teacher. The other is to cultivate the faculty of analysis.

Suppose that two men, one intelligent and the other stupid, consider a proposal to go into the restaurant business—or perhaps buy a restaurant already established.

¶ *MOSE asked his colored friend what the ghost was doing when the friend beheld it. "Jus' fallin' behind, Mose," the friend returned, "fallin' behind rapid!"*

The intelligent man begins to analyze the proposition. Is the location of the stand such that it is of quick and inviting access to the hungry public? If so, how many people pass the door in those few hours when feeding the human face is the universal daily eccentricity? How many competitive stands are at hand? What is both the maximum and minimum capacity of the place offered for purchase? Do the people of the locality commonly eat out? What kinds of foods are they likely to call for most, and are they foods that can be supplied at a profit?

By the time the intelligent man has analyzed the proposition and assayed his findings, he has been proprietor of the stand—in imagination—for six months and visualized the place doing a stated amount of business. So he proceeds to buy the place or pass it up.

THE stupid man only grasps the fact that the human animal takes nourishment abroad three times a day, and such being the case, why shouldn't it do so in the stand offered for his purchase as well as any other?

He parts with his cash, walks into the place, polishes up the tin "silverware," and—waits! He sells nine doughnuts and three cups of coffee at "breakfast," seven ham sandwiches at noon, and after four o'clock the locality doesn't show more human signs of human life than lower Manhattan on Yom Kippur.

In a month, he goes broke!

If he had used analytical intelligence in the beginning, he would have arrived at an estimate of the nine doughnuts, the three cups of coffee, and the seven ham sandwiches in advance. He would have decided the place was a bust before he ever went so far as to make himself responsible for its bills. Yet thousands of businesses are acquired thus blindly every day in the year, and when they go broke, the dunderhead buyer gripes! Stupid people are those who "don't use their heads," we say. But the esoteric facts are, that such persons have not been sufficiently disciplined by hurt, or the tragic results from trial-and-error experimenting, to make them recall what happens when they fail to examine a prospect, and judge its values correctly, before entering into it.

The "brainy" man actually has become so by remembering instinctively a thousand experiences which he has gone through, most of

them antedating his present career, which have left marks of shock upon his character. Now he has reached the place where examination and judging values in advance, have become a sort of reflex with him. Truly he is enjoying his rewards from whole generations and cycles of painful living "when he was stupid," and driving motorcars through intersections at fifty-five miles an hour, or bouncing dynamite-sticks off the asphalt, was attended by results of a disintegrating character. The final increment from all phases of life is becoming adept in recognizing values, selecting that which is useful with an ease that is instinctive, and gaining to a result with smoothness and facility.

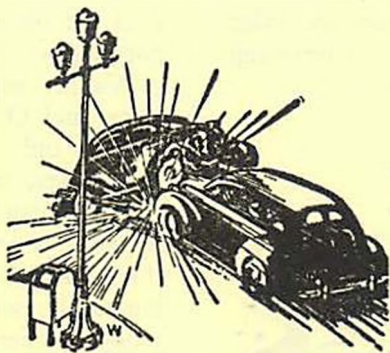
Fortunately the average person doesn't always have to spend time in hospitals, go broke in shabby restaurants, or jump into a sewer to discover whether or not it emits an odor, if he wishes to perfect the quality of his intelligence.

He can school himself deliberately in examining any predicament which he faces, determining what its basic factors are, and putting together his experience equations with care and forethought.

If, all of a sudden, his prospects begin looking up, he need thank not a soul in Cosmos but himself!



THE CROWNING fortune of a man is to be born to some pursuit that affords him happiness, whether it be making baskets, or broadswords, or canals, or statues, or telescopes, or songs . .



CAN One Thoughtless Mistake Make a Mess of Your Life?

FEW THINGS in life cause such mischiefs, throwing switches that send us off upon strange rails, as wrongful interpretations of the meanings of words. For instance, consider the term Mistake. "I made a horrible mistake," we report. "It well-nigh ruined my life!" But when we run down the meaning of the word Mistake, we see how incorrectly we have considered the episode.

The word Mistake means: "To take a thing to be other than it is, to understand wrongly."

In another sense, we "miss the take," if we should care to look at the meaning literally.

So a moment's consideration should show us that a Mistake of itself can never do harm, one way or other. We understand a motive or a situation wrongly, and it is our subsequent conduct in the reaction from faulty understanding that does the mischief which we so foolishly deplore.

Now for a moment let's consider Ruin.

Ruin means "to overthrow or impoverish."

*¶ Blunder and Loss
Exist Strictly as the
Individual Regards
Them . .*

But take note of the fact that both of these terms are relative. There is little of finality about them. If a man be overthrown from a place of power, it means that somehow or other he has first attained unto the height from which his first tumble is something to gape at. If he attained to such a height once, and is suddenly cast down, he can attain to another height, albeit in time he is cast from that also.

If a man be impoverished, it means that he formerly had affluence in the shape of possession of properties or moneys. They are taken away. But there is nothing about such taking

away that says he shall not acquire other properties or other sums of money. Everything depends upon whether he goes at it.



WHEN we face the query: "Is it possible for one mistake to ruin a person's life?" we are truly setting forth an equation in paradoxes. We are asking if it be possible for a moment's nonunderstanding of a motive or a situation to precipitate a condition from which no recovery is possible.

Of course, in the physical sense we might talk correctly of taking a window for a door, and walking into space in such a way that nothing prevents us from descending at once to the surface of the planet from whatever the height at which the window is located. It is conceivable that contact with the said planet's surface might be forceful enough to alter the functioning of our natural anatomies.

In fact, we might spatter up a considerable area of landscape—the human body being 86 percent water according to all the leading scientists—and in such sense our ruin be complete.

Contrary to the newspaper funnies, the human body dropped from a height, decidedly

does not bounce. It spatters, yes. But it does not bounce.

We are wiped from existence by such an error, and O Lord what a mess for someone to wipe up!

However, in this present octave it is rare that the main actor in such an error has the opportunity to deplore his ruin. He just makes the error and goes down. He does not bounce, but as aforesaid, he spatters! After which spattering, we need not consider him further as a subject for philosophical discussion. He is out of our calculations and the headlines can have him.

Ruin in its more correct sense means a state of personal affairs arrived at where the personal fortunes today are not so favorable to a happy existence as they were yesterday, the day before, or maybe last month, last year, or last Administration. And the dictionary—if not sound metaphysics—declares that what has been up and come down, can by due application of the requisite energy, go up again.

CERTAINLY even in a fall from a five-story building, the victim may conceivably light upon a load of hay, lose his hat, his glasses, and his dignity, and make fourteen old ladies faint in a row. But he may thereupon slide off the load of hay, beg the driver's pardon for knocking it lopsided, and climb back up to the fifth story of the building—if the elevator be not working. The principle holds in life's common situations.

There seems to be one big discovery that Cosmos insists that all individuals of every stamp shall make and remember, before they can call themselves fit to depart this mortal octave permanently. That is, that blunder and loss exist only according as the individual views them.

No blunder under heaven exists that somehow, somewhere, sometime, cannot be rectified and the correct line of action thereafter be embarked upon.

No ruin—overthrowing, impoverishment, any-

thing short of physical demolition—exists anywhere in Cosmos that cannot be recovered from, surmounted, or turned into a profit two to ten times as sizable as the original condition from which such "loss" was reckoned.

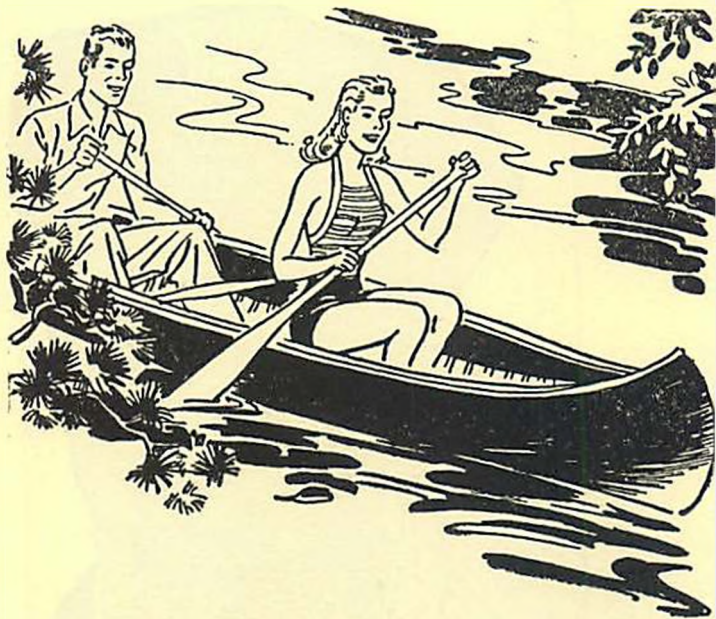
Everything in life is relative!

One man has the habit of thrift and saves pennies for a home. Another man has the acquisitive faculty and saves dollars till they buy him a city block, a railroad, a seat in the Senate. A war comes along, an enemy air fleet zooms overhead and presently drops bombs on thrifty man's cottage and rich man's railroad alike. After the raid is over, the first man sits down disconsolately on the edge of a hole that is thirty feet across, and the second man sits down on the edge of a hole that is thirty miles across. Both men, however, are merely sitting on the edge of a hole, and insofar as brick-and-mortar structures are concerned, neither at the moment is possessed of enough assets to buy himself a tent. Well, and what about it? Are they going to spend the remainder of their seventy-year life spans dangling their totality of four legs over two holes' ragged edges? The war ends, the peace treaty is signed, everybody is gypped but the diplomats, and the populace goes to work. In another ten years it is the man who lost the cottage who has come into ownership of a railroad, while the man who formerly owned the railroad lost everything save honor—and his seat in the Senate. He lets his honor go whang, keeps his seat in the Senate, and dictates to the cottager how much he shall charge patrons upon his transportation system.

THE ONLY permanency there is about any given situation in life is the durability of a concerned person's temperament to ride the roller coaster that is Mortal Experience—but view it as a ride!

All of which has nothing to do with Pollyanna optimism.

The man who finally gets it through his pate that just as there is no such thing as Failure,



so there is no such thing as Success, has gone beyond the point where anyone can call him Average.

Again, all things are relative!

The old adage: "Up today and down tomorrow," should have gone one thought further and added: "—and up again four days from yesterday. But what of all of it?"

Being "up" of itself means nothing, aside from an item in location. Any flag-pole sitter can qualify. But being "up" by virtue of the ability in the character to make altitude as a matter of intelligent energy-expenditure means everything. For one thing, it means a prime life-lesson which we come into mortality to learn. Being "up," we subsequently go "down." But unless we went down at times, or the other fellow went down—or at least there were people who were down at the same time that others considered themselves as up—"up" as a location would be unidentifiable and being anywhere wouldn't mean a thing.

THE MAN who is average, the mediocrity and the nondescript, thinks of "up" and "down" as finalities or permanencies. Much



of such psychology can be traced to the nonsensical materialism that each mortal has but one life to live, following which he will be a long time underground—and nowhere else that anyone can check on.

But the person who breaks away from being Average, considers the ebb and flow of fortune as merely a method perfected by Nature and Nature's God to qualify the attainments of the character. Using another metaphor, life in this regard is like learning to ride a horse. Any fool can climb upon a horse's back and fork his legs over the saddle. The horse moves, and he flatters himself that he is "riding" because he doesn't pitch off. But truly learning how to ride, is learning how to "take a tumble" if the horse misbehaves. The man who learns to ride, learns how to fall off so that he breaks

no bones in the process. We should learn to ride Life the same!

WHEN being "up" means little to a man beyond the opportunity to employ his faculties and talents to the fullest, being "down" means only a temporary embarrassment that comes through an enforced curtailment of those faculties and talents. After all, neither principalities nor powers, nor all the king's horses and all the king's men, can take from a given individual the ability to rise up again after being overthrown or impoverished, if the business of rising be a fundamental of his character. So to talk of "a moment's mistake ruining the life" is to treat with absurdities.

The life doesn't manifest that can be "ruined," if the word be considered in its root significance. There never was such a thing as a "thoughtless mistake" that could not be rectified, the moment that understanding succeeded ignorance. The only real loss or ruin that can come to the individual is spiritual—closing the mind or the heart to the increments of Experience and refusing to learn with malice aforethought. That is more than loss or ruin. That truly is Retrogression, Degeneration!

And the penalty of Retrogression and Degeneration is gradual loss of identity—a slipping-back into a fog or coma of erased Self-Awareness.

That is Death, indeed, and if the truth be known, the Only Death There Is!

But mistakes? Losses?

They are nothing but cosmic examinations to ascertain whether God has overlooked pupils who merit divine promotions!

¶ *ALL of us have sufficient fortitude to bear others' misfortunes . .*

DO We Really Create Our Children? . .

*OPENING Installment
of the Elaborate Paper
from Higher Octaves
that Inspired the Com-
ing Soulcraft Book:
"Getting Born"*

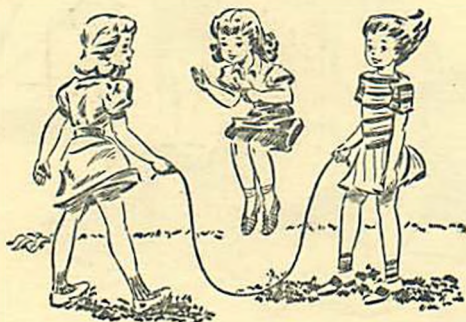
THE STRANGEST and most vital mystery in life, dear brothers and sisters in mortality, is the episode of species propagation. The race must go on in spite of the maladjustments and misfits composing it. From aeon unto aeon there must be the eternal Niagara of new babies. Something must be done to assure this torrent of fresh infants into your world. Therefore the Almighty has not only provided the physical machinery by which biologic forms are propagated, generation by generation, but



He has put into the race-heart the desire or urge on the parts of mature persons to have offspring "created in the image of themselves."

Now human offspring emphatically are not created in the literal image of their parents, of course, else the species would be perpetuated through certain stock patterns whereof the oldest ancestor was the prototype and all his progeny duplicates. There are racial traits and urges that make for different individuals, different patterns of personality that render each person slightly varied from all other persons, the persons included, according to the course of experiencing which the soul of the progeny has endured or enjoyed throughout multiple lives. There is such a thing as "the individual soul being perfect unto itself" or in other words, following out its own line of physical and spiritual development independent of any other factor in life *but* experiencing.

THE HARDEST thing to bring home to the average man and woman in this matter of parenthood and offspring is that men and women are created free and equal amongst themselves, each with his personal integrity in the matter of character and aplomb, free to develop himself or herself according to his or her talents, and accepting parenthood, or the demands and commands of childhood, simply as a matter of "race accommodation".



There is no attempt on the part of Divine Providence to crowd a given pair of parents on any child-soul who does not wish to have them. There is no command on the part of the Almighty to render unto a given pair of parents children who are obnoxious unto them in the ultimate estimates. As a matter of fact, we are told from the Highest Octaves of Time and Space *that God does not enter into it at all.* It is indeed a matter of choice, in a majority of cases, into what families or into what living conditions, a given soul shall be inducted by physical birth. True indeed it is, that there are as many expressions of such stipulations as there are people. All sorts of cross-breeds are required, so to speak, to work out a given soul's destiny—or work out some mighty Plan being tested or experimented with, for the edification of the race. Also, all sorts of karmic adjustments are constantly required, explaining how or why certain "different" souls are born into families who would seem in no wise to desire that they be included among their established numbers.

None the less, the process is uniformly elective—in the higher races at least—and the child comes to the parent who desires it because in turn the child desires to come into the world through a given pair of parents.

More nonsense in maudlin sentimentality has been written on this subject than on any other, not excluding the parentage of the Great Master Himself . .

MEN AND Women arrive at that stage in life where they feel the racial urges toward propagation of their species stirring within their physical bodies, marry and have offspring. They say: "We will have children to take our places in society when our own physical bodies are worn out and we have come to a place where it is expedient to discard them for new." They therefore procreate together physically and a fresh child's body is brought into being. For such, however, a gross misconception has arisen as to the nature of the soul that enters into such a body, how and when it enters, and what its true relations to its physical parents may be. The misconception has been projected viciously over a thousand generations that little children—so-called because their physical mechanisms are not mature—are "new souls fresh from the lap of God." Children are even looked upon as a race apart, a department of the species to be accorded special privileges, to be forgiven faults that in the adult would bring supreme chastisement. They are supposed to be undeveloped *spiritually*. In all of which there is both truth and error.

Children are *not* new souls fresh from the lap of God, nor any other lap. They are souls that have desired a new incursion into mortal experience to effect adjustments of matters pertaining to their karma, or the record of trial and error, mistake and penury, that has been caused by maladjustments to other sequences of lives which they have long-since lived. Only in their physical mechanisms are they responsible for their weaknesses of spirit, proclaiming

them as apart from the race and entitled to special consideration at the hands of their elders.

They are truly people who are at the business of making a fresh try at life and who have taken possession of a new physical organism because it was available and growing within the body of a mature mother with whom they are to some degree compatible, or toward whom they have debts owing or debts owed. In other words, before entering into this discussion of parenthood at all, we must make two clear distinctions: that there is first the *spiritual* development or evolution toward spiritual maturity—going on in each human exhibition in mortality—and the purely physical or biologic vehicle-development, which in time comes to be owned and controlled by the psyche that is the coagulation of self-awareness in the finite world.

Make no error here. Too many people do. The spiritual and biologic have almost nothing to do with one another in the primal essences. They fall into a sort of alignment when it comes to the spiritual desiring of a mortal vehicle in which to exhibit or get results in karmic adjustments. In other words, the spiritual takes complete possession of the biological and adapts it to its peculiar needs of the moment. It is not true, however, that the spiritual is alone in its tenancy of the mortal organism.

There are other factors to be considered that should in nowise be ignored . .

THE MAN or Woman who comes into life intent on another sequence in events, in which its bills owing or owed can be settled, creates or postulates a set of conditions that may be foreign to itself for the time-being. That it to say, it creates conditions where the factors and essences making up its life are introduced in order to give it a wholly new type of experience such as it may not have had before in all its cycles on this earth. If this were not true then the human race would not evolve, for it would return into earth conditions merely to have the same experiences over and over.

Thus it would perfect itself in the individual instance in one specification only.

Spiritual evolution is carried forward by the soul having a *new* set of conditions to confront, life after life, while at the same time missing



none of the general experiencings continually accruing to each new dispensation of life in the physical body.

Keep this clearly in mind.

The "new experience each time" is a most valuable addition to the general questioning of why childhood and parenthood is often what we find it.

Think what a vast amount of heartbreak could be turned to rich spiritual account if the true nature of coming into this life again and again were fully understood by the average individual, and thus peculiar circumstances rationalized.

We propose to go into such questions with you in this extensive paper, that you may be better prepared to understand the laws and processes of progeniture that make men and women what you find them . .

(EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the first portion of a somewhat stupendous treatment of this major and vital subject that will run through several forthcoming of Bright Horizons. The second installment will appear in the October number).



DO You Know the Difference between Possession and Obsession? . .

¶ *WHAT We Are Profited by Knowing about Vicious Persons in the Discarnate . .*

WHEN a person has an "obsession" regarding this or that, the idea conveyed by the popular use of the term is, that he keeps concentrated

on a single subject till it takes precedence over everything else in the brain.

The thing engaging the attention develops into an excessive or unreasoning desire for expression regarding it. In short, a mild form of madness is implied, only madness indicates lack of balance on all subjects whereas the person with an obsession is "made" about one only.

Obsession in the root meaning of the term, however, does not mean monomania.

It means persistent vexation—particularly by what is known as an evil spirit! Now this subject of evil spirits, and their capabilities for plaguing normal people in mortality, is one that has engaged humankind ever since earth-

life became engaged with either the possibilities or probabilities of personality-survival.

Go as far back as you can penetrate into the Australian Bush, or as deep as you can hew into the African jungle, and no matter how primordial the human life you encounter, almost without exception you will be introduced to a belief in spirits—particularly, evil spirits. Savages of the lowest order, who have never seen a white man or heard of a white man's religion, seem to have the "evil spirit" idea born in them instinctively.

Psychologists explain it by saying that if the savage trips over the root of a tree, and is thrown upon his face, at once he rationalizes the happening by reasoning that something

about the tree had the power to trip him. As he can see nothing with such power by the medium of his senses, then—because his tripping was exceedingly real—something invisible about the tree must have exercised such power.

The rationalizing psychologist, however, has no explanation for the curious fact that the savage should give any thought whatever to the causes of his tripping—spirits or no spirits.

¶ **REMEMBER** that
*Conscience can become
the voice that tells you
not to do a thing after
you have already done
it . .*

THE RATIONALIZING psychologist, forever reasoning from the premise of a denial of discarnate consciousness, merely wants a theory that will hold water to account for certain phases of natural behaviorism. But those not so shackled to causations by or from strict materialisms are more inclined to believe that the savage's first concepts of the literality of spirits comes not from obstructing tree-roots but from accidental and unintentional glimpsings of discarnate life as it may occasionally comply with natural laws, not yet fully coded, and make itself opaque to his mortal eyesight.

From the savage deep in bush or jungle, however, all the way up the manifold gradations of mortal life to the highest developed Christian Aryan, the idea of the existence of

"spirits" is entertained and accredited—but always they must be "evil" spirits or the notion of them is hocus-pocus.

Orthodox Christians seem to be among the most inconsistent in regarding such existences, for they will tell you six days of the week that spiritualism is fraud; then they will go to church on Sunday and contribute to the salary of a man who stands in his holy pulpit and preaches verbosely on the works of the Man of Galilee who, among His other miracles, "cast out unclean spirits."

There is one episode in the Galilean's extraordinary and very "unscientific" career when He met unclean spirits obsessing outcasts wandering among the tombs and bade them enter into a herd of swine. Evidently they obeyed, for the narrative has it that the swine immediately ran down the grade of a mountainside, leaped off a cliff and were destroyed in the sea.

Now either Jesus did such things, or He did not. If He did not do them, then accounts of them have no place in the Christian Bible. If He did do them, then in logic the unclean spirits existed to be cast out. If the unclean spirits existed to be cast out, then spirits as spirits, clean or unclean, are a factor in earthly affairs. Our thesis narrows down then, not to the existence of spirits—which on week-days a hundred million followers of the Nazarene call hocus-pocus—but to the curiosity as to why they should be designated as "unclean."

The proposition that there are unclean spirits, indicates that conversely there must be, or should be, *clean* spirits. If there were not clean spirits somewhere, or in some condition, then how do we arrive at a designation of others as the opposite in sanitation?

And as unclean spirits and evil spirits are conceded to be more or less synonymous, and as the fact of obsession by the latter has been an accredited postulate of mental therapeutics ever since medicine emerged from superstition and alchemy, we have a profitable field of investigation in trying to determine what makes "spirits" either unclean or evil?

UNCLEAN or evil spirits, in the fields of Religion, Medicine, or Psychical Research, are those aspects of discarnate consciousness which are distinguished for—or by—their capabilities to exert an unhallowed or abnormal influence upon the minds and actions of men who still are occupying physical organisms in the manner approved since Adam awakened from his sleep in Eden.

Usually it is likewise conceded that such influences are unhallowed, or unwholesome, because they operate or exercise to get people in flesh to do things, or express themselves in ways generally, which they might not be expected to do were such discarnate influences not present and mischief-making.



In other words, the thing exhibiting is, that a normal man in possession of flesh and faculties, will be counted upon to behave himself after a set of social standards that are commonly embraced by the human race in the mortal predicament as a mass performance. But the discarnate spirit comes along and somehow influences him to depart from those standards, to do things which he might not do if left to the unannoyed exercise of his own talents in his own personality. And the living body, operating in the mundane predicament, together with the influenced but bona fide spirit inside it, must suffer social penalties or excretions in consequence.

So the "uncleanness" or "evil" comes in, by or through the simple indictment of causing a living person not to be his natural and standardized self.

Who or what are these discarnate individualities, why do they visit such distresses on people enshrouded in bodies, and how comes it that they can do so at all if they lack bodies themselves through which to exercise?

TO PUT the facts plainly, as we have reason to think we have determined them to the moment, this is who or what they are: They are quite average men and women who have passed through the experience of physical demise, found themselves separated from what was formerly their mortal organisms but in a position to think and act in certain ways that we might term "mental performances" and, unable to employ themselves with integrity in their new disembodied status, turn to the getting of expression by co-mingling their mentalities with those of persons still maneuvering in fleshly vehicles.

They are usually people, we find, who have been horribly hoaxed by the notions of the various religions of the world as to the environments or conditions maintaining in the higher octaves of surviving consciousness, and, not finding those higher octaves or finer forms of spiritual expression to be what they had expected, are at a loss as to what to do with themselves on principle. So they turn—pardonably enough—back to the physical, material, three-dimensional world with which they are most familiar and try to continue a type of pseudo-physical existence by using the organisms or bodies of people still in mortal life—as they can, or are permitted to do so!—to get them their effects on matter.

This, however, cannot normally be consummated in the instance of wholesome minded and energetic people whose spontaneous living of life, without morbid tendencies, keeps them traveling at too high a vibratory rate for these body-less people get discernible results by invisible contact.

No, it has to be done in the cases of people whose psyches are more or less "loosely hitched" to their physical equipment, or have

inadequate control of it, or are susceptible, by temperament or belief in superstitions, to the mental-vibratory activities of the at-a-loss discarnate ones.

We say of a certain class of people, inclined to be morbid or introspective as a constitutional program, that they "let their vibrations get lowered to a point where evil entities can get into them!" And we are expressing the idea, and generally describing the truth of what occurs, although we are decidedly unkind and intolerant—in our orthodox ignorance—in terming such discarnate souls "evil."

Ofttimes they are not more "evil" than the lost and sobbing child is "evil" because it cannot make its way unassisted back to the parental abode at nightfall.

THAT there are downright evil psyches—spiritually gnarled and warped in their social expressions while in their bodies and doubly gnarled and warped when released from them—goes without saying. A dastardly criminal, without the slightest shred of altruism or conscience, pays the price for his crimes against defenseless victims, on the gallows or in the electric chair. Society snaps his spine at the neck, or sends a killing current of "juice" through his firmly strapped-down body, the physician applies a stethoscope to his heart and officially pronounces him "dead," and the rest of the ignoramuses making up the social census applaud in relief at the "justice" that has been done and say that the world is well rid of the brute.

But has the world gotten rid of the "brute"? Indeed it has not!

It has sprung him out of the incarnate and into the discarnate. True, he cannot wield a club in the discarnate—from the depths of some dark alley—and bash out a victim's physical brains. But he *can* and more often *does* carry all his compilation of hates, terrors, griefs, and vindictive vengeance into his discarnate state with him, for such is the accumulate of his psyche-personality. And in such dis-

carinate frenzy, he at once makes use of such knowledge as he may there acquire, to pick out some mental weakling, some always-morbid mortal, some person with criminal tendencies in his own right, and by always traveling with such person about worldly pursuits, and getting inside his aura without suspicion being aroused that he is there, impel such weakling or potential criminal to suddenly respond to discarnate promptings and commit the most dastardly of crimes. Or such evil psyche will hunt down some person given more or less to spiritual aberration, and by similar methods of discarnate promptings—or even tacit seizure of the mortal equipment—push the victim into criminal insanity.



THESE are well-named "evil spirits" indeed; but they are not evil because they are discarnate—that is, spirits without mortal organisms of their own—but because they were gnarled and warped morally and ethically to commence with, even when they were legitimately housed in bodies obtained from earth mothers! Discarnation has simply altered the technique of their criminal expressions!

Insane people, as a rule, are first of all, abnormal in their own rights. They are people who have become damaged in their sense of balance, lost their social perspectives and spiritual equilibriums. The root meaning of the word *Insanity* is "lop-sidedness."

To this individualistic lop-sidedness is added the vengeance-seeking psyche of the discarnate criminal, as the latter discovers with what ease

he can penetrate into the mental processes of the "insane" one and command them.

We talk about people as being "violently" or "criminally" insane, without stopping to ask why the impellation to the violence of the criminality in their own rights at all.

It never crosses our minds that the violence or the crime can be derived independently of the natural aberrations of the afflicted one, through obsessions by some poisonous thug-spirit who is taking such means and methods for getting back at mortal society which he had grown to hate and despise from childhood.



SUCH afflicted people may not necessarily screech and scream, rattle their bars, or mouth gibberish, to be under the control of such poisonous free-spirits, earthbound to work out their fulminations on a society that is defenseless against them through its ignorance concerning all discarnate life.

Full often we find that the most dangerous of the criminally insane show the most harmless exteriors, and exhibit the most disarming outward behavior. They seem to bide their time with entire rationality until opportunity arises to consummate their acts.

Modern psychology hits all around the mark in trying to account for such eccentricities and irrational breaches of the moral law. It refuses to admit of discarnate consciousness, and so shortsuits itself in not getting at the crux of the affliction by recognizing the coolly plotting brain that may be using the irrational one's organism to achieve its loathesome acts.

Undoubtedly it was some such individualities—so scheming to use the "men among the

tombs"—whom Jesus "rebuked" and "suffered to go into the gadarene swine".

But the aforesaid "unclean" spirits or "familiar" spirits—against which all religions inveigh—seem to be, ten to one, mere discarnate busybodies and practical jokers, psychic kibitzers, and people who literally push themselves in where they are not suspected or particularly wanted, because they have discovered in the discarnate state that it is contrivable.

Such people fear to explore the higher octaves of spirit into which they have found themselves released—from the same motives, perhaps, that people in mortal life cannot be persuaded to take an interest in psychical research and know enough about the marvels of the supernatural so they will no longer be particularly terrorized by it.

Far more comfortable and gratifying to turn back to the familiar scenes of earth, and the individuals still in flesh with whom they feel most at home, and cling to them as a matter of spiritual security, than to go on about their spiritual business.

Time and again we find them refusing to accept the fact that, in the strict worldly sense, they are "dead".

They want to demonstrate that they are *not* dead, that earth-people, or people still in vehicles of flesh, have it all wrong in thinking that because a man vacates his worn-out or damaged physical form, he thereby ceases to exist.

They want to find ways to prove that they *can* and *do* exist—that they still have power to get physical effects, albeit through the instrumentalities of others still embodied.

Particularly are they excited and gratified if, in the pursuit of such kibitzing activity, their existences are noted and they are accredited as being some form of angelic or celestial life.

It is second nature for humankind to identify any form of discarnate life, or invisible activity of consciousness, as pertaining to the celestial. Thousands are the cases of insurance agents, real estate salesmen, pretzel-twisters and

drivers of earthly trash-wagons, who, on attaining to a bodiless status of existence, have found ways to render their psyches more or less opaque and thereby be mistaken for gods or seraphim.

Nothing so tickles a discarnate life insurance agent—or a real estate salesman, pretzel-twister, truck driver as the case may be—as being mistaken for a seraph. It is something novel in his scheme of things. All his mortal life he has been treated by society, or by prospects for insurance, as quite the antithesis of seraphim. So he effects a pseudo-materialization, is seen by all and sundry, and hears the exclamation: "God is with us! Let us be contrite!"

Naturally, after having been kicked off earthly verandas all his mortal days as an unclean spirit, he is going to stick as long as possible to a status of earthbound spiritual inhibition where he and God are awesomely mixed up in confused mortal wits!

OBSESSION as obsession, therefore, is truly sharing the personality or body with the dominating but discarnate psyche of someone who refuses to go about his business exploring the higher octaves when, and as, the time has arrived when such exploration is legitimate and requisite—that the reincarnational cycle may ultimately be completed.

This sharing means that the mortal victim has to take all the accruing social odium while the discarnate psyche goes scot-free, or gets the kick or thrill without having to submit to social reprisals.

It is a disgusting manifestation of spirit at best. But to understand what is occurring is to call up defenses against it. No person is ever obsessed willingly! Remember this: When co-operation is established voluntarily with a disembodied personage, there is little that is "unclean" about it and it falls into a category far removed indeed from insanity and evil!



What Truly Is Behind the Fear of Death . .

NEVER make the mistake of thinking you are afraid of Death. Truly you are fearful of quitting the organic plane before you have completed the earthly mission which you came into your body to execute. Over and over again this is disclosed by the subconscious minds carrying their secrets of prenatal life-design and revealing them under proper stimulus. It isn't Self-Preservation that is the first law of Nature; it is Self-Continuity until the chore is done that brought you to birth. Get this stupendous truth fixed in your consciousness and fear of Death vanishes, as Death. We are all of us sojourners in the mortal state for specific reasons in the case of each individuality. When we have completed our errands, we are happy and eager to "go" . . which explains why so few elderly people are fearful of the approach of The Reaper. He is not the Reaper truly. He is the kind friend and counsellor, come to conduct them on a splendid journey into foreign lands. Only the lands when we reach them are not to us foreign. We have known them of old. Verily, verily!

Pontius Pilate Reports to on Crucifixion of Jesus t

¶ *THE HISTORY of Jesus' Three-Year Ministry, Tri-
urrection, by Pontius Pilate. Copied April 7, 1893, from
Greek, Now on File in the Ancient Library at Rome a*

TO Tiberius Caesar, Emperor
of Rome:
Noble Sovereign Greeting:
The events of the last few
days in my province have
been of such character that
I will give the details in full
as they occurred, as I should
not be surprised if, in the course of time, they
may change the destiny of our nation, for it
seems of late that all the gods have ceased to
be propitious. I am almost ready to say, Cursed
be the date that I succeeded Valerius Flaccus
in the government of Judea; for since then
my life has been one of continual uneasiness
and distress.

On my arrival at Jerusalem I took possession of the praetorium, and ordered a splendid feast to be prepared, to which I invited the tetrarch of Galilee, with the high priest and his officers. At the appointed hour no guests appeared. This I considered an insult offered to my dignity, and to the whole government. I lived secluded from the masses. One day the



high priest deigned to pay me a visit. His deportment was grave and deceitful. He pretended that his religion forbade him and his attendants to sit at the table of the Romans, and eat and offer libations with them, but this was only a sanctimonious seeming, for his very countenance betrayed his hypocrisy. Although I thought it expedient to accept his excuse, from that moment I was convinced that the

Caesar the Christ . .

*l, Death, Burial and Res-
m the Original Scroll in
nd Considered Authentic*



conquered had declared themselves the enemy of the conquerors; and I would warn the Romans to beware of the high priests of this country. They would betray their own mothers to gain office and a luxurious living. It seems to me that, of conquered cities, Jerusalem is the most difficult to govern. So turbulent are the people that I live in momentary dread of an insurrection. I have not soldiers sufficient at my command. I requested a reinforcement from the prefect of Syria, who informed me that he had scarcely troops sufficient to defend his own province. An insatiate thirst for conquest to extend our empire beyond the means of defending it, I fear, will be the cause of the final overthrow of our whole government which I represent.

AMONG the various rumors that came to my ears there was one in particular that attracted my attention. A young man, it was

said, had appeared in Galilee preaching with a noble unction a new law in the name of the God that had sent him. At first I was apprehensive that his design was to stir up the people against the Romans, but my fears were soon dispelled. Jesus of Nazareth spoke rather as friend of the Romans than of the Israelites. One day in passing by the place of Siloe, where there was a great concourse of people, I observed in the midst of the group a young man who was leaning against a tree, calmly addressing the multitude. I was told it was Jesus. This I could easily have suspected, so great was the difference between him and those listening to him. His golden-colored hair and beard gave to his appearance a celestial aspect. He appeared to be about thirty years of age. Never have I seen a sweeter or more serene countenance. What a contrast between him and

his hearers, with their black beards and tawny complexions!

Unwilling to interrupt him by my presence, I continued my walk, but signified to my secretary to join the group and listen. My secretary's name is Manlius. He is the grandson of the chief of the conspirators who encamped in Etruria waiting for Catilina. Manlius has been for a long time an inhabitant of Judea, and is well acquainted with Hebrew language. He



was devoted to me, and worthy of my confidence. On entering the praetorium I found Manlius, who related to me the words Jesus had pronounced at Siloe. Never have I read in the works of the philosophers anything that can compare to the maxims of Jesus. One of the rebellious Israelites, so numerous in Jerusalem, having asked Jesus if it was lawful to give tribute to Caesar, he replied: "Render unto Caesar the things that belong to Caesar, and unto God the things that are God's."

It was on account of the wisdom of his sayings that I granted so much liberty to the Nazarene; for it was in my power to have him arrested, and exiled to Pontus; but that would have been contrary to the justice which has always characterized the Roman government in all its dealings with men; this man was neither seditious nor rebellious; I extended to him my protection, unknown perhaps to himself. He was at liberty to act, to speak, to assemble and address the people, and to choose disciples, un-

restrained by any praetorian mandate. Should it ever happen (may the gods avert the omen!), should it ever happen, I say, that the religion of our forefathers will be supplanted by the religion of Jesus, it will be to this noble toleration that Rome shall owe her premature death, while I, miserable wretch, will have been the instrument of what the Israelites call Providence, and we call destiny.

THIS unlimited freedom granted to Jesus provoked the Israelites—not the poor, but the rich and powerful. It is true, Jesus was severe on the latter, and this was a political reason, in my opinion, for not restraining the liberty of the Nazarene. "Scribes and pharisees," he would say to them, "you are a race of vipers; you resemble painted sepulchres; you appear well unto men, but you have death within you." At other times he would sneer at the alms of the rich and proud, telling them that the mite of the poor was more precious in the sight of God. Complaints were daily made at the praetorium against the insolence of Jesus.

I was even informed that some misfortune would befall him; that it would not be the first time that Jerusalem had stoned those who called themselves prophets; an appeal would be made to Caesar. However, my conduct was approved by the Senate, and I was promised a reinforcement after the termination of the Parthian war.

Being too weak to suppress an insurrection, I resolved upon adopting a measure that promised to restore the tranquillity of the city without subjecting the praetorium to humiliating concession. I wrote to Jesus requesting an interview with him at the praetorium. He came. You know that in my veins flows the Spanish mixed with Roman blood—as incapable of fear as it is of weak emotion. When the Nazarene made his appearance, I was walking in my basilica, and my feet seemed fastened with an iron hand to the marble pavement, and I trembled in every limb as does a guilty culprit, though the Nazarene was as calm as innocence

itself. When he came up to me he stopped, and by a signal he seemed to say to me, "I am here," though he spoke not a word. For some time I contemplated with admiration and awe this extraordinary type of man—a type of man unknown to our numerous painters, who have given form and figure to all the gods and the heroes. There was nothing about him that was repelling in its character, yet I felt too awed and tremulous to approach him.

"Jesus," said I unto him at last—and my tongue faltered—"Jesus of Nazareth, for the last three years I have granted you ample freedom of speech; nor do I regret it. Your words are those of a sage. I know not whether you have read Socrates or Plato, but this I know, there is in your discourses a majestic simplicity that elevates you far above those philosophers. The Emperor is informed of it, and I, his humble representative in this country, am glad of having allowed you that liberty of which you are so worthy. However, I must not conceal from you that your discourses have raised up against you powerful and inveterate enemies. Nor is this surprising. Socrates had his enemies, and he fell a victim to their hatred. Yours are doubly incensed—against you on account of your discourses being so severe upon their conduct; against me on account of the liberty I have afforded you. They even accuse me of being indirectly leagued with you for the purpose of depriving the Hebrews of the little civil power which Rome has left them. My request—I do not say my order—is, that you be more circumspect and moderate in your discourses in the future, and more considerate of them, lest you arouse the pride of your enemies, and they raise against you the stupid populace, and compel me to employ the instruments of law."

THE Nazarene calmly replied: "Prince of the earth, your words proceed not from true wisdom. Say to the torrent to stop in the midst of the mountain-gorge: it will uproot the trees of the valley. The torrent will answer you that it obeys the laws of nature and the Crea-

tor. God alone knows whither flow the waters of the torrent. Verily I say unto you, before the rose of Sharon blossoms the blood of the just shall be spilt."



"Your blood shall not be spilt," said I, with deep emotion; "you are more precious in my estimation on account of your wisdom than all the turbulent and proud Pharisees who abuse the freedom granted them by the Romans. They conspire against Caesar, and convert his bounty into fear, impressing the unlearned that Caesar is a tyrant and seeks their ruin. Insolent wretches! They are not aware that the wolf of the Tiber sometimes clothes himself with the skin of the sheep to accomplish his wicked designs. I will protect you against them. My praetorium shall be an asylum, sacred both day and night."

Jesus carelessly shook his head, and said with a grave and divine smile: "When the day shall have come there will be no asylum for the son of man neither in the earth nor under the earth. The asylum of the just is there," pointing to the heavens. "That which is written in the books of the prophets must be accomplished."

"Young man," I answered, mildly, "you will oblige me to convert my request into an order. The safety of the province which has been confided to my care requires it. You must observe more moderation in your discourses. Do not infringe my order. You know the conse-

quences. May happiness attend you; farewell."

"Prince of the earth," replied Jesus, "I come not to bring war into the world, but peace, love, and charity. I was born the same day on which Augustus Caesar gave peace to the Roman world. Persecutions proceed not from me. I expect it from others, and will meet it in obedience to the will of my Father, who has shown me the way. Retain, therefore, your worldly prudence. It is not in your power to arrest the victim at the foot of the tabernacle of expiation."

So saying, he disappeared like a bright shadow behind the curtains of the basilica—to my great relief, for I felt a heavy burden in me, of which I could not relieve myself while in his presence.



To Herod, who then reigned in Galilee, the enemies of Jesus addressed themselves, to wreak their vengeance on the Nazarene. Had Herod consulted his own inclinations, he would have ordered Jesus immediately to be put to death; but though proud of his royal dignity, yet he hesitated to commit an act that might lessen his influence with the Senate, or, like me, was afraid of Jesus. Previously to this, Herod called on me at the praetorium, and, on rising to take leave, after some trifling conversation, asked me what was my opinion concerning the Nazarene. I replied that Jesus appeared to me to be one of those great philosophers that great nations sometimes produced; that his doctrines

were by no means sacrilegious, and that the intentions of Rome were to leave him to that freedom of speech which was justified by his actions. Herod smiled maliciously, and, saluting me with ironical respect, departed.

THE great feast of the Israelites was approaching, and the intention was to avail themselves of the popular exultation which always manifests itself at the solemnities of a passover. The city was overflowing with a tumultuous populace, clamoring for the death of the Nazarene. My emissaries informed me that the treasure of the temple had been employed in bribing the people. The danger was pressing. A Roman centurion had been insulted. I wrote to the Prefect of Syria for a hundred foot soldiers and as many cavalry. He declined. I saw myself alone with a handful of veterans in the midst of a rebellious city, too weak to suppress an uprising, and having no choice but to tolerate it. They had seized Jesus, and the seditious rabble, as though they had nothing to fear from the praetorium, believing, as their leaders had told them, that I winked at their sedition—continued vociferating: "Crucify him! Crucify him!"

Three powerful parties had combined together at that time against Jesus: First, the Herodians and the Sadducees, whose seditious conduct seemed to have proceeded from double motives: they hated the Nazarene and were impatient of the Roman yoke. They never forgave me for having entered the holy city with banners that bore the image of the Roman emperor; and although in this instance I had committed a fatal error, yet the sacrilege did not appear less heinous to employ a part of the treasure of the temple in erecting edifices for public use. My proposal was scorned. The Pharisees were the avowed enemies of Jesus. They cared not for government. They bore with bitterness the severe reprimands which the Nazarene for three years had been continually giving them wherever he went. Timid and too weak to act by themselves, they had embraced

the quarrels of the Herodians and the Sadducees. Besides these three parties, I had to contend against the reckless and profligate populace, always ready to join a sedition, and to profit by the disorder and confusion that resulted therefrom.

Jesus was dragged before the High Priest and condemned to death. It was then that the High Priest, Caiaphas, performed a devious act of submission. He sent his prisoner to me to confirm his condemnation and secure his execution. I answered him that, as Jesus was a Galilean, the affair came under Herod's jurisdiction, and ordered him to be sent thither. The wily tetrarch professed humility, and, protesting his deference to the lieutenant of Caesar, he committed the fate of the man to my hands. Soon my palace assumed the aspect of a besieged citadel. Every moment increased the number of the malcontents. Jerusalem was inundated with crowds from the mountains of Nazareth. All Judea appeared to be pouring into the city.

I HAD taken a wife from among the Gauls, who pretended to see into futurity. Weeping and throwing herself at my feet she said to me: "Beware, beware, and touch not that man; for he is holy. Last night I saw him in a vision. He was walking on the waters; he was flying on the wings of the wind. He spoke to the tempest and to the fishes of the lake; all were obedient to him. Behold, the torrent in Mount Kedron flows with blood, the statues of Caesar are filled with gemonide; the columns of the interium have given way, and the sun is veiled in mourning like a vestal in the tomb. Ah, Pilate, evil awaits thee. If thou wilt not listen to the vows of thy wife, dread the curse of a Roman Senate; dread the frowns of Caesar."

By this time the marble stair groaned under the weight of the multitude. The Nazarene was brought back to me. I proceeded to the halls of justice, followed by my guard, and

asked the people in a severe tone what they demanded.

"The death of the Nazarene," was the reply.

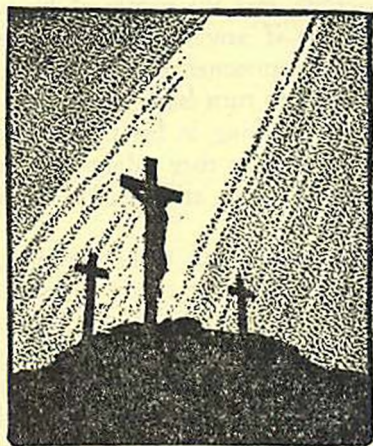
"For what crime?"

"He has blasphemed; he has prophesied the ruin of the temple; he calls himself the Son of God."

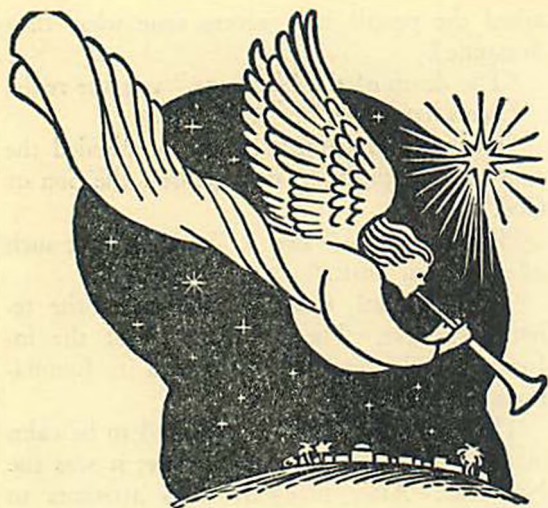
"Roman justice," said I, "punishes not such offenses with death."

"Crucify him! Crucify him!" cried the relentless rabble. The vociferations of the infuriated mob shook the palace to its foundations.

There was but one who appeared to be calm in the midst of the vast multitude; it was the Nazarene. After many fruitless attempts to protect him from the fury of his merciless persecutors, I adopted a measure which at the moment appeared to me to be the only one that could save his life. I proposed, as it was their custom to deliver a prisoner on such occasions, to release Jesus and let him go free, that he might be the scapegoat, as they called it; but they said Jesus must be crucified. I then spoke to them of the inconsistency of their course as



being incompatible with their laws, showing that no criminal judge could pass sentence on a criminal unless he had fasted one whole day; and that the sentence must have the consent of the Sanhedrin, and the signature of the presi-



dent of that court; that no criminal could be executed on the same day his sentence was fixed, and the next day, on the day of his execution, the Sanhedrin was required to review the whole proceeding; also, according to their law, a man was stationed at the door of the court with a flag, and another a short way off on horseback to cry the name of the criminal and his crime, and the names of his witnesses, and to know if any one could testify in his favor; and the prisoner on his way to execution had the right to turn back three times; and to plead any new thing in his favor. I urged all these pleas, hoping they might awe them into subjection; but they still cried, "Crucify him! Crucify him!"

I then ordered Jesus to be scourged, hoping this might satisfy them; but it only increased their fury. I then called for a basin, and washed my hands in the presence of the clamoring multitude, thus testifying that in my judgment Jesus of Nazareth had done nothing deserving of death; but in vain. It was his life these wretches thirsted for.

OFTEN in our civil commotions have I witnessed the furious anger of the multitude, but nothing could be compared to what I witnessed on this occasion. It might have been

truly said that all the phantoms of the infernal regions had assembled at Jerusalem. The crowd appeared not to walk, but to be borne off and whirled as a vortex, rolling along in living waves from the portals of the praetorium even unto Mount Zion, with howling screams, shrieks, and vociferations such as were never heard in the seditions of Pannonia, or in the tumults of the forum.

By degrees the day darkened like a winter's twilight, such as had been at the death of the great Julius Caesar. It was likewise the Ides of March. I, the continued governor of a rebellious province, was leaning against a column of my basilica, contemplating athwart the dreary gloom these fiends of Tartarus dragging to execution the innocent Nazarene. All around me was deserted. Jerusalem had vomited forth her indwellers through the funeral gate that leads to Gemonica. An air of desolation and sadness enveloped me. My guards had joined the cavalry, and the centurion, with a display of power, was endeavoring to keep order. I was left alone, and my breaking heart admonished me that what was passing at the moment appertained rather to the history of the gods than that of men. A loud clamor was heard proceeding from Golgotha, which, borne on the winds, seemed to announce an agony such as was never heard by mortal ears. Dark clouds lowered over the pinnacle of the temple, and setting over the city covered it as with a veil. So dreadful were the signs that men saw both in the heavens and on the earth that Dionysius the Aeropagite is reported to have exclaimed, "Either the author of nature is suffering or the universe is falling apart."

Whilst these appalling scenes of nature were taking place, there was a dreadful earthquake in lower Egypt, which filled everybody with fear, and scared the superstitious Israelites almost to death. It is said Balthasar, an aged and learned Israelite of Antioch, was found dead after the excitement was over. Whether he died from alarm or grief is not known. He was a strong friend of the Nazarene.

Near the first hour of the night I threw my mantle around me, and went down into the city toward the gates of Golgotha. The sacrifice was consummated. The crowd was returning home, still agitated, it is true, but gloomy, taciturn, and desperate. What they had witnessed had stricken them with terror and remorse. I also saw my little Roman cohort pass by mournfully, the standardbearer having veiled his eagle in token of grief; and I overheard some of the Israelite soldiers murmuring strange words which I did not understand. Others were recounting miracles very like those which had so often smitten the Romans by the will of the gods. Sometimes groups of men and women would halt, then, looking back toward Mount Calvary, would remain motionless in expectation of witnessing some new prodigy.

I returned to the praetorium, sad and pensive. On ascending the stairs, the steps of which were still stained with the blood of the Nazarene, I perceived an old man in a suppliant posture, and behind him several Romans in tears. He threw himself at my feet and wept most bitterly. It is painful to see an old man weep, and my heart being already over-charged with grief, we, though strangers, wept together. And in truth it seemed that the tears lay very shallow that day with many whom I perceived in the vast concourse of people. I never witnessed such an extreme revulsion of feeling. Those who betrayed and sold him, those who testified against him, those who cried, "Crucify him, we would have his blood," all slunk off like cowardly curs, and washed their teeth with vinegar. As I am told that Jesus taught a resurrection and a separation after death, if such should be the fact I am sure it commenced in this vast crowd.

"Father," said I to him, after gaining control of my feelings, "who are you, and what is your request?"

"I am Joseph of Arimathea," replied he, "and am come to beg of you upon my knees the permission to bury Jesus of Nazareth."

"Your prayer is granted," said I to him;



and at the same time I ordered Manlius to take some soldiers with him to superintend the interment, lest it should be profaned.

A FEW days after the sepulchre was found empty. His disciples proclaimed all over the country that Jesus had risen from the dead, as he had foretold. This created more excitement even than the crucifixion. As to its truth I cannot say for certain, but I have made some investigation of the matter; so you can examine for yourself, and see if I am in fault, as Herod represents.

Joseph buried Jesus in his own tomb. Whether he contemplated his resurrection, or calculated to cut him another, I cannot tell. The day after he was buried one of the priests came to the praetorium and said they were apprehensive that his disciples intended to steal the body of Jesus and hide it, and then it appeared that he had risen from the dead, as he had foretold, and of which they were perfectly convinced. I sent him to the captain of the royal guard (Malcus) to tell him to take the Israelite soldiers, place as many around the sepulchre as were needed; then if anything should happen they could blame themselves, and not the Romans.

When the great excitement arose about the sepulchre's being found empty, I felt a deeper solicitude than ever. I sent for Malcus, who told me he had placed his lieutenant, Ben Isham, with one hundred soldiers, around the sepulchre. He told me that Isham and the soldiers were very much alarmed at what had occurred there that morning. I sent for this man Isham, who had related to me, as near as I can recollect, the following circumstances: He said that at about the beginning of the

fourth watch they saw a soft and beautiful light over the sepulchre. He at first thought that the women had come to embalm the body of Jesus, as was their custom, but he could not see how they had gotten through the guards. While these thoughts were passing through his mind, behold the whole place was lighted up, and there seemed to be crowds of the dead in their graveclothes. All seemed to be shouting and filled with ecstasy, while all around and above was the most beautiful music he had ever heard; and the whole air seemed to be full of voices praising God. At this time there seemed to be a reeling and swimming of the earth, so that he turned so sick and faint that he could not stand on his feet. He said the earth seemed to swim from under him, and his senses left him, so that he knew not what did occur. I asked him in what condition he was when he came to himself. He said he was lying on the ground with his face down. I asked him if he could not have been mistaken as to the light. Was it not day that was coming in the East? He said at first he thought of that, but at a stone's cast it was exceedingly dark; and then he remembered it was too early for day. I asked him if his dizziness might not have come from being wakened up and getting up too suddenly, as it sometimes had that effect. He said he was not, and had not been asleep all night, as the penalty was death for him to sleep on duty.

HE SAID he had some of the soldiers sleep at a time. Some were asleep then. I asked him how long the scene lasted. He said he did not know, but he thought nearly an hour. He said it was hid by the light of day. I asked him if he went to the sepulchre after he had come to himself. He said no, because he was afraid; that just as soon as relief came they all went to their quarters. I asked him if he had been questioned by the priests. He said he had. They wanted him to say it was an earth-

quake, and that they were asleep, and offered him money to say that the disciples came and stole Jesus; but he saw no disciples; he did not know that the body was gone until he was told. I asked him what was the private opinion of those priests he had conversed with. He said that some of them thought that Jesus was no man; that he was not a human being; that he was not the son of Mary; that he was not the same that was said to be born of the virgin in Bethlehem; that the same persons had been on the earth before with Abraham and Lot, and at many times and places.

It seems to me that, if the Israelite theory be true, these conclusions are correct, for they are in accord with this man's life, as is known and testified by both friends and foes, for the elements were no more in his hands than the clay in the hands of the potter. He could convert water into wine; he could change death into life, disease into health; he could calm the seas, still the storms, call up fish with a silver coin in its mouth. Now, I say, if he could do all these things, which he did, and many more, as the Israelites all testify, and it was doing these things that created this enmity against him—he was not charged with criminal offenses, nor was he charged with violating any law, nor of wronging any individual in person, and all these facts are known to thousands, as well by his foes as by his friends—I am almost ready to say, as did Manlius at the cross, "Truly this was the Son of God."

Now, noble Sovereign, this is as near the facts in the case as I can arrive at, and I have taken pains to make the statement very full, so that you may judge of my conduct upon the whole, as I hear that Antipater has said many hard things of me in this matter. With the promise of faithfulness and good wishes to my noble Sovereign,

I am your obedient servant,

(Signed) PONTIUS PILATE

(In the interest of truth.)



WHY People Combat Jobs that Do Not Fit their Characters

LOOKING at Hubbard's Message to Garcia from the Viewpoint of Practical Esoterics

SOME forty years ago, up in East Aurora, New York, Elbert Hubbard accidentally wrote a preachment that made him famous. It was called, *A Message to Garcia*.

Garcia was a Cuban General, cooperating with the American forces during the Spanish War. President McKinley wanted to communicate with him in a hurry. But Garcia was somewhere in the wilds of Cuban jungle. How to locate him?

A man named Rowan was called into McKinley's presence, handed the dispatch, told to find Garcia and deliver it.

The story has it that Rowan said "Yes sir!" clicked his heels, and with a snappy military salute, turned and went out the door.

He did not ask, "Who is Garcia?" or "Where do I find him?" or "Can't you send somebody else because my wife's relatives are coming from Illinois this week, and my wife 'll raise 'em if I'm not on hand to help her entertain 'em." Rowan said "Yes, sir!" and was gone to find Garcia.

He sailed for Cuba, plunged into West Indian morass, and located the insurrectionist leader in less than two weeks.

Hubbard made a hero out of Rowan, the man who—handed a job to do—made no whines, gripes, or comments, but took his or-



ders and carried 'em out.

Eighteen million copies of the Message are reported to have been printed. Industrial concerns bought copies by the hundred thousand, distributing them to their employes.

The idea was—and still is—that nine out of ten people on anybody's payroll, asked to execute some peculiar orders, or do something out of the run of their regular employment, will fret, stew and fuss, until the average employer would rather do the thing himself than answer the catechism that is sure to come before the employe has adjusted himself either mentally or temperamentally to the execution of the chore.

The man—or woman—who, asked to do something out of the ordinary, says "Yes, sir!" and sets about doing it by the employment of his own wits and initiative, is such a prize that when one like Rowan is found, the story about him is printed eighteen million times.

THE "Message to Garcia" is now a classic, and on it rests the fame of the Sage of East Aurora. But while it is a splendid thing to eulogize a man like Rowan—who takes his orders and carries 'em out without fuss, complaint, or a barrage of inquiries as to how it shall be done—there is another side to the Message to Garcia that has never been examined.

It is easy to damn an employe as a dunce, a lazybones, or a nitwit, when the boss wants him to do this or that, and he plays the role of sour face on principle. But why does it not

occur to employers in general to do a bit of analyzing, and ascertain why the average worker reacts to special instructions in the irritating way he does?

Why do nine out of ten people on the payroll feel at a loss, and express their annoyance in a bill of particulars as to methods, when something requiring initiative is thrust beneath their noses, or laid upon their desks?

After all, people are people. There are good and sufficient reasons why they react constitutionally in the ways that they do. The man or woman isn't alive who doesn't have his or her side of the story when they are held up to odium for not taking special instructions, and—metaphorically speaking—clicking the heels, saluting, and backing out the door, when Messages to Garcia are handed them a score of times a week.

Let's not be overly eager to glorify Rowan, or damn Tom, Dick, or Harry because he in turn isn't a Rowan every time the boss wants something done and bawls for the nearest employe to jerk to attention and do it.

As esoteric philosophers, we are interested in men and women for what they are, not for what we would like to have them show themselves in order to suit our whims and foibles.

HUBBARD said, toward the end of his famous preachment: "Try an experiment. Ring for your nearest employe and ask him to look up a word for you in the dictionary: Will he do it? The chances are ten to one that he will not. He will ask: 'Where is the dictionary? Are you sure that is the word that you want looked up? How do you spell it? Couldn't you use a different word? Why can't Joe do it?'"

Hubbard took the position which many employers take, that because a person is on the payroll, and handy, and they—the employers—want something done in a hurry, there is no reason under the sun why there need be argu-

ment about the employee's doing it, and any employee who speaks a word in rebuttal, or asks for more specific instructions, is an incompetent or a dolt.

It never occurs to the average employer that merely because a person is on the payroll, by no means qualifies that person to do whatever the employer may order.

Different men are specialists in different things—even looking up words in the dictionary.

Furthermore, the average employer as often overlooks that the average employee is by no means a mind reader, and that perhaps this world is infested with quite as many dunderheaded employers as it is with dunderheaded employees.

To bark out an order and expect the employee to execute it before he fully understands what is wanted—or is expected of him—is as insufferable a business as riding the poor employee, in Messages to Garcia or anywhere else, because he is not an adept in thought-transference or God's gift to commercialism in the matter of initiative.

OF a recent morning, this thing happened: An employer said to a forty-dollar-a-week stenographer: "Mary, go out somewhere and rustle some boxes, to pack up that junk in the stockroom." That is all he told her—and banged along about other business. At noon he returned. Mary was rebellious. The boxes had not been "rustled." The "junk" in the stockroom had not been packed. "What that gal needs is a whole bundle of Messages-to-Garcia," he stormed. "Tell her to do a thing, and does she do it? She does not. She sits and gripes, or she asks ten million questions till I'd rather say nothing and do it myself."

It wasn't Messages-to-Garcia that Mary needed. It was five cents' worth of second-hand brains that her boss needed. He was ready with a blow torch for Mary for not having initiative. He really should have applied the blow torch to himself.

Remember that the future is only the past over again, entered by way of succeeding gate

Mary was expected to "go somewhere" and "rustle some boxes." She couldn't know whether her boss meant to search the plant to find boxes, or visit all the neighborhood stores and buy boxes. She was instructed merely to "go somewhere" and materialize boxes. If she searched the plant and found boxes, they might be boxes belonging to other goods. Whereat she'd be blistered for using them. If she went out and bought boxes, her boss might refuse to reimburse her, and her own pocketbook be out the price of them. Furthermore, there were no specifications as to how big the boxes were to be—just as there was no indication of which materials the boss termed "junk" that was to be packed in them.

BUT greatest of all—that Mary's boss had failed to take into consideration—was the fact that Mary had been hired to take dictation and pound a typewriter, not act as impromptu shipping clerk for "junk" that was not even described; furthermore, the girl he had ordered to perform that eccentric errand was, by Numerology, on the life-path Four.

Of course, common employers of labor think Numerology a lot of impractical applesauce indulged in by cloud sitters. But when the world lifts an octave, and esoteric knowledge is discovered to be for daily use, not as mere subject-material for platform lectures at six for the hundred dollars paid over by long-haired



DO You React by Instinct when You See Souls in Trouble?

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Fellow range all the way from the "service" of the professional altruist—who makes a career of assisting other people's business—down to the Christian axiom that we get out of this life about what we put into it, and to the exact degree that we exert ourselves in the interests of others we shall ultimately find ourselves repaid in kind.

There is nothing particularly commendable to be said of the professional altruist, who goes to and fro in society seeking whosoever requires the Helping Hand—or who the professional altruist decides needs the Helping Hand. He is dealing in other folk's complications and troubles as a business, just as some men undertake to sell rubber-heels to aid people in walking more comfortably and others advocate insulated walls for the home so the neighbors won't be overly edified by sounds of breaking crockery when the Great American Family en-

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If the professional altruist didn't make a career of other people's troubles, he would doubtless make a career of broomsticks, carving-knives, odorless automobiles, or skinless bananas that anyone may grow in the cellar of the home. He is, in other words, a commercializing merchant, and should be regarded as such.

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men and short-haired women, employers may possibly know about such things by academic knowledge, acquired in order to qualify in employing labor at all.

¶ *The three fundamentals of true learning: Seeing much, studying much, suffering much*

This employer had berated a Number Four person, a pioneer in Mentalism—instinctively a designer, an organizer, a systematizer, a person whose whole life-motif was method and technical accuracy—for not showing the so-called initiative of the Number Three actionist.

Had Mary been a Number Three person, she wouldn't have been a typist to start with, and digging junk out of the stockroom and throwing it in boxes—anybody's boxes, of any size, shape, color, or material—would have invited as the greatest lark in the world.

But Mary was a Four-person, as far removed from the actionist-functions of a Three as night is from day.

The dunderhead employer depreciated Mary for not showing initiative. But Mary was not an initiative person—granted she could have read the unvoiced thought-specifications in her harassed employer's mind. On the other hand, the employer probably would have taken it for more applesauce, had someone of wisdom been near to suggest that he show a little initiative himself in the matter of the personality of the one he chose to do his errands.

Again, the mere fact that Mary was on the payroll, and seemingly not over-burdened with

work at the moment—and the boss had a sudden brain-storm that he wanted certain goods packed—were no particular reasons why she should have been chosen to obey the whim of the man's eccentricities.

Mary was not to be censured for not having the inclination to step out of her role and be something in an instant that characteristically she was not.

FOUR-FIFTHS of the friction between human beings that leads to such gorgeous fights, misunderstandings, and lesions in relationships, is directly traceable to an insufferable ignorance in regard to other people's character, or of adaptabilities of temperament to roles forced upon people by those who may be in a position momentarily to do the forcing.

When you ask men and women to do given jobs of work, and they hang back, demur, procrastinate or complain, there are deep cosmic reasons behind such conduct.

They are not eager to comply, because the things they are requested to do contain features that "go against the grain" of their life brevets unto themselves.

Each is saying subconsciously, when the nature of the labor becomes known to him: "I can acquire no spiritual increment in keeping with my prenatal life-chart, by transacting this business. Why then should I waste my energies attempting it?"

The extent to which this conservation of energy operates in every gesture and phase of life, of course is not accredited by the spiritually illiterate who assume that all men and women are alike in that each is equipped with one torso, two arms and two legs, and in a majority of cases, one visible head.

We do no service voluntarily, and commit no act, that is not motivated by the keenest subconscious knowledge of just why we are in life and precisely what we expect to have gotten out of it when we shall have reached its end.

ANY SERVICE, or any act, that is cast within the province of a person's temperament as indicated numerologically, he will do eagerly, willingly, and with the most intense inner pleasure. Any service or act that lies without the province of his numerological designation, he will shirk, complain about or procrastinate.

To "ride" this person and castigate that person for failure to render services or perform acts that are not in keeping with their numerological designations, is merely to disclose one's own ignorance of life's great fundamentals.

There are people with an intuitive knowledge of these matters, who practice them as by a variety of instinct. We say that this employer, or that executive, "has the knack of managing men." He fits no square people in round holes, nor crams round people in square holes.

What he truly does is to recognize by a psychic sense, what a given person's vibration is, and sees that such a person is put on a job that agrees with his mortal designation pre-natally arrived at.

Such an employer or executive "feels" what a given employe's vibration is—among the numbers from one to nine—and sees that he is set at work which expresses the type of activity that best delivers mortal increments to his spirit-soul.

The result is harmony—harmony in the workman's spirit, harmony in the office or plant where many workmen are so allocated, harmony between employer and employe in their personal relationships.

"The boss has a swell way of handling the people who work for him," is the common way of saying: "The man I work for knows how to place me in work that best enables me to acquire the compensations from Life which I entered mortality hoping to acquire."

SUCH an employer of labor has too many brains to ask a Four-person to do a Three-person's job, or to send a Seven man on a Two-person's errand. He "feels in his bones" that it's the wrong thing to do. Instantly on coming into contact with a new laborer, he senses the number of his life path and allocates him accordingly.

But how much better to do these things with a conscious knowledge of why and how they should be done!

Yes, the Message-to-Garcia business has been slightly overrated.

Hubbard wrote a great preachment, but the fact that he sold eighteen million copies really attests to what a lot of dunderheaded employers we have in life, expecting the correct response from people universally, fifty percent of whom may be wrongly geared to furnish it.





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The fact that he counsels widows in their investments, takes up the taxpayers' fight for lower power rates, or helps small children over crosswalks in front of schoolhouses, no more

entitles him to adulation than the man who takes clocks apart to find out what makes them run backwards, or the man who contracts to run the cockroaches out of your plumbing for four cents the cockroach, or the lad who hustles new industries for the Chamber of Commerce and fills the town up with new sash-and-blind mills, pickle works, or factories making gas-masks.

THE person who goes to and fro in the earth seeking opportunities to cast his bread upon the waters—that after many days it may be returned to him—may not be a merchant but assuredly he could be classified as a private banker, loaning of his substance without security in the expectation that sooner or later his loans will be repaid with interest—merely because he has foregone that security.

In any event, he is fundamentally interested in gain.

He is baiting a sprat to catch a mackerel and calling it Brotherly Love.

The man who casts his bread upon the waters, confident that after many days it will come back to him—with some sort of increment added—is not concerned in the question of helping his fellowman; he is concerned in the matter of helping himself.

Helping oneself is entirely bona fide when it is honestly and openly engaged in. But when it is camouflaged with a sticky sentimentality and called something else, the exercise hoodwinks the party engaging in it.

What we are interested in considering for the moment is the item of Helping the Other Fellow for the sheer sake of seeing him helped, not because we are expectant of the slightest returns to ourselves beyond that of the spiritual gratification resulting when we share the happiness which we have been the means of bringing to him.

Let us look at this subject and analyze some new angles with which personal compensations have nothing to do.

A PERSON, for some reason or other, signals that he needs assistance. He may have fallen down a coal-hole where he faces the prospect of dying of slow starvation unless someone pushes him down a ladder in a hurry—and uses the lungs that are in his chest to make noises that mean ladder brought with minimum lost time. He may have grabbed hold of the rear appendage of a strange four-footed beast at a circus and requires a whole tentful of assistance to aid him in letting go. He may have bought a run-down boiler works, only to



discover he needs more money for machinery to make noises than he estimated was to be required when he prospected the project. Or he may have lost his savings and his health and finds himself succumbing to malnutrition in a packing-box cottage down across the railroad tracks with no fuel for the stove. These are dilemmas inviting contributions of additional strength or resource from those with whom he is immediately in contact.

On the other hand, the appeal for assistance may take no more serious form than the earnest request from a harassed executive that the person at the next desk do some errand that conserves his time or energy or enables a given point of accomplishment to be reached by a point on the face of the clock.

No matter what the nature of the predicament, the cosmic process at work reduces down to this—

The man that perceives himself to be the victim of a complication where help is required,

¶ *IT is best to arise from life as from a banquet, being neither thirsty nor drunken . .*

is deficient in his command of energy of some sort, which, if he possessed it, would enable him to accomplish his purpose though not another human being existed in the whole world. This sounds at first like an asinine platitude. But wait. There is more to it.

He indicates that he is deficient in force to accomplish his purpose, whatever it may be, and whether the inadequate energy be muscular, moral, or financial.

He says to his handiest neighbor or intimate: "I want more force to use in satisfactorily controlling this situation or escaping my plight. Can I commandeer some of yours?"

The person so appealed to, may comply with the request or he may not. Nine times out of ten if he complies with the request, he feels a pleasant glow of elation which cynical psychologists have described as "buying a benevolent feeling" whenever the help is of a practical or substantial nature.

But no benevolent feeling is being "bought" and here is the crux of the matter—

What actually is happening, is, that when another appeals to any one of us to help him, and we supply the force that he thereby admittedly lacks, we are, for the duration of the act, stepping into the role of omnipotent Deity ourselves and feeling the same sensation which it is said the Deity feels in expressing Himself in divine love toward the world!

An appeal comes for help. The person making the appeal thereby identifies himself as deficient in the energy-force he requires to control the situation or accomplish a given labor.

The person receiving the appeal, and loaning or contributing the force that is lacked, is truly "playing God" in a petty mortal measure to the individual in the dilemma of personal, moral, or financial weakness. And the sensation of great inward satisfaction that results in the breast of him who has thus generously complied, is only called "satisfaction" for want of a better name, or for want of a correct identification as to what it is in essence.

AFTER ALL, why should it give us any particular elation to do a good deed or feel an inner glow at having helped some unfortunate fellow mortal out of some particularly bad predicament? Why should it give us any feeling at all? Some mysterious force must be at work that is different from all other forces ordinarily operating in human affairs.

The cynic says that all good deeds are done as the result of self-pity. People who have suffered themselves are quickest to detect suffering in others and ameliorate it if they can. Thereby they are living their own rescue vicariously. The gratification that is felt is merely an inverse form of relief at having escaped an ugly dilemma, also vicariously.

That's what the cynic says, and fancies that he has solved the enigma and uttered something profound.

The more plausible explanation is, that those who have suffered greatly have thereby opened themselves to a great inflow of the God-Force, or are sensitive to it. Their spirits have been rendered malleable to receive it and transmit it.

So when one comes along who particularly needs their ministrations, they substitute for the Deity whose beneficences they express, and pour out on the weak or hapless one the mortal degree of power that God pours out celestially, when people in fixes make known their appeals. In stepping into God's place for the moment, they step likewise into His sensations—or it amounts to that.

Literally as well as figuratively, it is stepping up transiently into the role of God!

Small wonder that humans marvel at it!



WHY You Are Influenced by Persons of More Personality

¶ *YOU Are Confront- ing Older Souls and Acknowledging Your Spiritual Adolescence*

THE AVERAGE American accepts that the difference between the character of one person and the character of another person, either is inherited from the progenitors of both, or else "just happens." How a character-trait, or a whole compilation of character-traits making up a person's temperament or nature, can be inherited, he doesn't stop to examine. He has heard it said that traits are inherited, or passed along from one generation to another, and because the physical features of a given father or mother may be duplicated in his or her offspring, Mr. Average American takes such inheriting for granted. When a child bobs up in a given family that doesn't copy either parent in the slightest degree—thus upsetting the whole hypothesis that Like produces Like

—the nondescript observer shrugs his shoulders and says the business is one of those "natural mysteries" of which probably we won't ever have explanation.

That character in a given human being "just happens," is even a greater enigma—and absurdity. No rule nor reason applies, Mr. Average American accepts, for one person having one sort of temperament and another person being possessed of quite opposite attributes. We just arrive at our dispositions by the wildest circumstance, and in a world thus thrown together—insofar as its human nature is constructed—the devil takes the hindmost.

Geniuses and great savants are born into hovels—of fathers and mothers who never had a single original thought in their lives—while parents who have lived in the upper brackets

till they are accepted as natural aristocrats, will have progeny that are morons, dunder-heads, or car thieves.



ALL of it comes, of course, from error, ignorance and deception. If the real truth were determined, hosts of comfortably-placed theologians and professors would lose their jobs. They have sold the human race to a belief in a system—which is not a system but merely a faulty rationalization—and so it must be perpetuated or the crowd of them lose face, not to mention salary.

The basic error behind all their so-called logicizing consists of the fact that they willfully refuse to recognize any difference between Spirit and Materiality.

Material things they can contact with their senses. Spiritual things must forever appear intangible results. They concede that there is such a thing as "Life," because the moment that it departs the material body, the latter is worthless and commences to decompose. But that it may have an existence and a consciousness apart from material body, is generally held to be unprovable and hocus-pocus.

Nevertheless, there is a difference between one man's character and another man's character, and in a world of law and order otherwise

—where every result is directly traceable to a cause—there must be an adamant principle in operation that accounts for both.

The spiritual scientist, so-called to distinguish him from the material scientist, says from the profundity of his research that the explanation truly is quite simple.

Spirit as an "essence of consciousness" that has an independent existence apart from materials is commonly recognized as a unit of human mortality. Individualized Consciousness by no means perishes with the demolition of physical vehicle, but keeps on and on, following the principle of the ratchet-wheel that can turn in but one direction: forward!

Individualized Consciousness enters into a long series of physical bodies, generation after generation and cycle after cycle, and adds to the quality and facility of its consciousness—or degree of intelligence—in each.

The more lives it has lived, the more intelligent it becomes, the more self-reliance it displays, and the more adroit it shows itself in general social contacts.

The intelligent person is merely the long-lived—or aged—person, cosmically!

People who thus display themselves are given the description Old Souls.

The types of fathers and mothers through whom they make their worldly reappearance in new infantile bodies, have little or nothing to do with the grand accumulation of character-increments that such souls have acquired along the routes of their serial careers, with a single exception—

It is a law of the universe that Like attracts Like. So in nine cases out of ten, when a soul considers making a re-entry into mortal affairs, it naturally tries to arrange that it shall have parents with whom its spirit and general inclinations are compatible. When this happens, the nondescript declares that its traits are "inherited."

But it does not have to happen, and in millions of cases does not happen. So it is no particular enigma for a father and a mother to

have an occasional child as opposite to either of them in temperament and appearance as night is different from day.

BY THIS token, it is not difficult to understand why some souls are more self-reliant than others, and exert a dominance over those about them that becomes such a mystery to the fanatical materialists. Further, it is not difficult to understand why certain souls acquiesce to domination, or the spiritual influence inexorably exerted, by others around them without in the least degree surrendering their individualities.

All of it is strictly a question of natural grading according to age!—Cosmic Age!

The dominant souls are the self-reliant souls. And the self-reliant souls have become that way by the longer and more consequential experiencing. That is to say, they have functioned in more human bodies, and lived more careers, than those whom they so easily influence. We might put it that they have "found their way around the world more times" than their dependent brethren, and gradually come to accept the great truth that in all the universe there is nothing to be afraid of. So they are not handicapped by the fears and inhibitions that identify the great sheep-flock of humanity, making its members nondescript and average. They plow right ahead, relying without reserve on their inherent capabilities. And the sheep-flock personalities about them, that have not lived so long, nor had such experiencings, nor made such discovery that nothing exists in all Cosmos for Spirit to be afraid of, subconsciously acquiesce in their subtle mentorship.

It is really as simple as the youth's instinctively taking the counsel of the mature man, or whole nations of nondescripts agreeing to follow the recommendations arrived at by senates of graybeards.

WHEN you find yourself subtly influenced by some outstanding personality in your vicinity or scheme of things, therefore, it is

naught but childish to plunge into a funk, or grow an inferiority complex, or fall into the error of assuming that your own character is "weak." What you actually are doing, when you bow to the more forceful personality in mortal association with you, is making acknowledgment that subconsciously you are recognizing its greater cosmic age and gamut of experiencings.

¶ *TWO million years
from now the scientists
can start a row by
claiming that the crea-
tures of the period
descended from man.*

"This soul has lived longer than I have, in the spiritual sense," you are admitting to yourself. "It has been functioning longer as an individualized spirit-particle out of the great ocean of Universal Spirit. I am simply bowing to its display of greater experience."

No one considers falling into a funk or developing an inferiority complex in youth or middle life because there happen to be individuals who have lived more years, seen more of the world, or had the longer time to perfect their social adjustments. Age is venerated because in the nature of things the longer the career, the vaster the store of knowledge that must have been acquired.

By the same token, no matter who or what the soul, always there will be those younger in cosmic experiencing who are clustered around it, and toward whom it will exert some form of domination.

Mr. Average American, griping at life generally at forty-five, has never had this basic principle of Cosmos brought to his attention. He thinks he is "weak" by comparison with "stronger" personalities, whereas he is only "young." As he goes on attaining to greater and longer cosmic age, he too will gradually assume a dominating role, because the nature of his contacts with humankind in the mass—and God in the abstract—will bring home to him that he has all capabilities of development within himself, and that the universe contains nothing which he need seriously fear.

To accept this principle and not be downcast at the spectacle of cosmic age manifesting in associates, means taking a conscious step to shake off one's mediocrity. A person is simply being unfair to himself, to compare himself continually with people more cosmically mature, instead of making his comparisons with those in his own orbit or octave, or even those still younger, beneath him.

It is always the mark of the adolescent to feel cast down because one's worldly knowledge is not on a par with that of persons who are older. And the endeavor of such a one to appear older is often as pathetic as it is absurd. Of course, the adolescent is fooling no one but himself in thinking that he is succeeding.

Now being young in years and experience is nothing to be ashamed of, in mortality. Why then should we feel at all ashamed of our youth or inexperience in the cosmic sense?

Are you subtly influenced by Stronger Personalities?

What truly is happening is, that you are instinctively recognizing and acknowledging the greater number of times that they have essayed the profiting sojourn.

They are more familiar with Earth!

When you have gone through as many lives as any one of them, you too will be as dominant!



EVERY man is a born collector! First it's toads, marbles, and postage stamps; then it's neckties, girls, and kisses. Then come debts, troubles and a family. Follow golf cups, wheezy stories, and various assortments of string. Finally, backaches, letters, and memories. And his survivors call in the junkman the third day and sell the works for 70 cents.



ALL Who Are Not Christ Men Are Open to the Enemy . .

THE WORK of all Christ-persons on earth is graded by degrees of attainment. At times it is necessary for them to make adjustments of those degrees, cleansing their houses, so to speak, of debris that has gathered in their

mental storebins.

All outstanding people have to pass through this sort of thing in attaining to power. Concepts of dogma, religious observances, mental preferences, static conditions, much that they would be ashamed of at an advanced date, has to be cast aside and thrown away for the sweet, clean inspiration that comes with the power to observe accurately that which is to be seen.

We on the higher planes are thinking of Christ-persons on the earthplane as types of robots when we say this—that is, organisms and not personalities. We have to tell them certain things that they do not always like to hear. They hurt preconceived notions, most of them made up of preferences and prejudices, not all of them necessarily harmful but not conducive to their upward growth. We try to do this

¶ *A Communication of Higher Import to All Leaders in Soulcraft*

mercifully but do not always succeed. Tonight we would tell those of you directing the Christ Work, what we wish you to grasp and appreciate about that work.

No one must be a member of this organization (Soulcraft) who is not a great and sincere lover of The Christ.

That is their first and essential qualification for admittance. Nothing must stand in the way of it.

No matter how brainy a man is, he must have love for The Christ in his heart. And by Love we mean, a sincere regard that motivates service. Is he God's Man in the highest sense of the word? If he is, take him, for power will be given him to overcome his faults and rise to every occasion. If he is not God's Man, drop him.

He is susceptible to the Enemy!

OUR SECOND stipulation is this—

Make no errors of judgment about means and methods to be pursued. Do not think that every agency is the proper agency merely because it is available. Try to discern whether it is adaptable to a spiritual message. Do not try to make velvet out of a sow's ear in vehicle construction.

Our third stipulation is: Place no mark against anyone who disagrees with you, or disapproves of what you are doing. It is the mark of ignorance only, not of malice. Your "enemies", so to speak, are merely poor ignorant people, no matter how clever they may show themselves in assailing you. They have their own ups-and-downs too, and are only trying to hold you back spiritually that they may catch up themselves—which on the whole is commendable. Be humorously kind toward them.

Now we have a fourth stipulation to make, as important as anything we have previously stated. When people come to you, desiring to join Soulcraft as workers, make sure of one thing before you go very far with them . . . not only that their hearts are right toward The Christ *but that they are enthusiastic to see His work triumph throughout the earth!*

YOU HAVE it in your hands to build a spiritual structure so strong and lofty that it can sway future governments for constructive good, if you will first make certain that your people are Christ Enthusiasts—not fanatics but earnestly desirous of seeing that His kingdom comes in men's hearts.

Lukewarm people will prove a liability. The great Elder Brother is tolerant of them but not enthusiastic over them and you must be the same. It is the Master's mechanism that is being forged and it must be kept so—a great and vital force, motivated by a sincere regard for the achievement of His mission.

DO NOT make the error of judging them too cannily, that is, with consideration of your own comfort in handling them. Remember that fastest horses are hardest to drive—any old beast lopes along by himself.

You are members of the one Supernal Group, all of you, belonging together. There are many members of the group you have not met. When the preliminary work is accomplished, the Big Work comes reactively.

Few of the Christ Group members are of the types that can long endure subservience to one another in the ordinary sense. Remember, they are all great leaders in their own rights and their relationships are real in the essence of individuality. Mark this well—

All true members of the Group must function over long periods of time apart from one another in the body, yet arriving at that state where the communion of their spirits is incessant, no matter what the distance intervening.

What we want most of all to register is this: There is a difference in the work of each true Christ Person. At first they may be close. But each one stands for a Thing—in the ultimate assembly. When the work gets so great and vital that personal interests are forgotten or submerged, *remember that loneliness is always a form of mental idleness.* Few will have time for it after the Major Performance starts.

This organ now building for the molding of public opinion must bear the aspects of a secular organization but secretly motivated by The Great Teacher's desires. Yet we say it goes further and becomes a towering Foundation, immensely wealthy and having ramifications in every quarter of the globe. It's work must be practical, not theoretical. It must help concretely, not academically. It must get down among the lowly and raise them, not speculate about them. This means what it means . . .

The trip starts now.





Short Master Messages . .

Not Included in the *Golden Scripts* . .

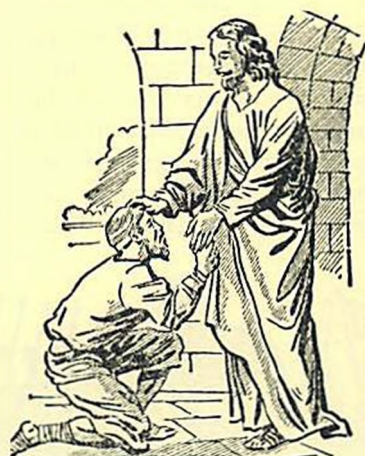
*"I Do Walk with You
as a Friend in a Garden . ."*

MY DEARLY Beloved:
Do not be sorrowful, be
of great expectation;
there is naught but Love
eternal and unfathom-
able between us and
about us;

Always will it remain so
until the Last Great Day when all of us are
rejoined into the Father's bosom, sons of light
beyond earthly beholding;

My peace upon you, my sisters and my brethren;
I am not come to distress you but to as-
sure you of my presence, that I am the Spirit
of Truth and the generous help that ye think
me.

Your earthly senses blind you to that which
your minds remember so vaguely that it seem-
eth an instinct, but that instinct shall grow
and increase within you till memory bursteth
forth into its flower; in that day shall ye walk
among men for that which ye are—members of
the family of my Father who have volunteered
to aid me in the work of redeeming the world



from materialism in the wake of enlighten-
ment that men term scientific.

Be calm, be glad, be strong. The way is blind
and filled with perplexities, but take my word
too that perplexities ever were part of the Plan,
that ye might deport yourselves among men
as men, and understand their hearts while en-
cased in mortal slumber.

Ye are my beloved, closer unto me than ever ye
have been, and these revelations reach you be-
cause it was agreed that at the proper moment
I should let you have them in order to guide
you intelligently in consummation of the eter-
nal problem's solution.

Do not be overly concerned for speed or for method; that is the role of those that do counsel you. All await the proper moment for the maximum effect.

Be of calm slumber. Ye have enjoyed your love in the day that hath been lived that hath seemed most wondrous unto you; the night shutteth down and earthly life quieteth. This is the promise unto you from those who watch above your slumbering forms: there is neither harm nor danger that can disturb those slumbers; there is no disturbance that can enter and hurt your faith in your Elder Brother or his love.

I am with you, beloved, as ye have been with me this day even more than with the world. Always let it be thus. Be happy in your workroom and playground of the world; remember that no play maketh the dull workman. Be strong and noble and full of tender mercy for my sheep wheresoever ye do move among them. Know that ye are among men, and yet exalt above them. This shall be your shibboleth: Ye

shall find yourselves growing in knowledge or sacred mysteries day upon day; the curtain shall lift fold by fold as your hearts strengthen and your spirits evolve into finer and ever more precious conceptions.

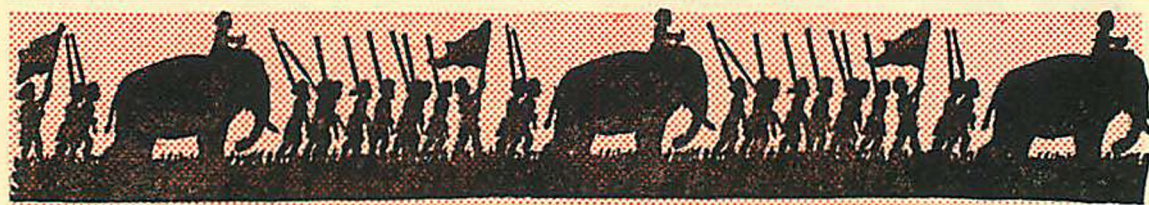
The thought of me ye have known this day have been echoed in my heart as they came from your minds; I have been with you through the troublesome hours of watching my world try to make a little more progress toward the Father.

Be careful, be shrewd, be honest, be upright. Go on with me thus from hour unto hour. I am come to bring you the thoughts and the words that shall deepen your spiritual perceptions and vocal utterances.

Ever remember that I do walk with you as a friend in a garden. The time passeth and ye are weary. Let me angel guard and watch over your tents of repose. No harm can intrude where he keepeth vigilance.

Peace! . . . and dreams of reunion soon . . .

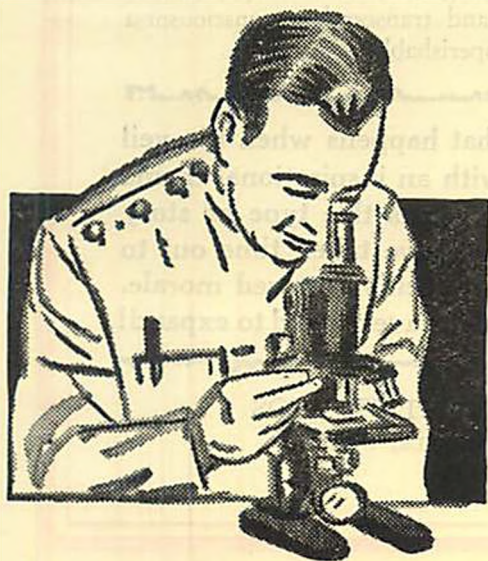
PEACE



HE IS a rich man who can avail himself of all men's faculties. He is richest who knows how to draw a benefit from the labors of the greatest numbers of men, of men in distant countries and past times most of all—for their triumphs are his heritage! . . .

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The birds were caroling. Nature was awakening. The sun in a burst of crimson and molten amber was ready to appear above eastern horizon.

He said, "In a way, it's our own lives, Dido darling. We've got to bring this home to men and women—not just a song—*an adamant belief!*" . .

On and on the worshipers came, till the road below was black with them. Men, women, youths, maidens, little children.

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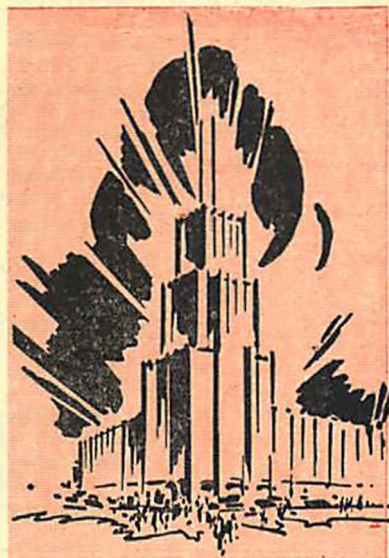
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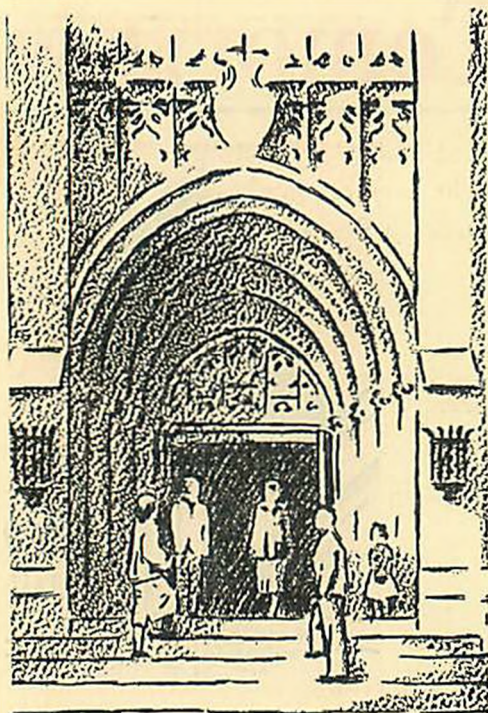
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